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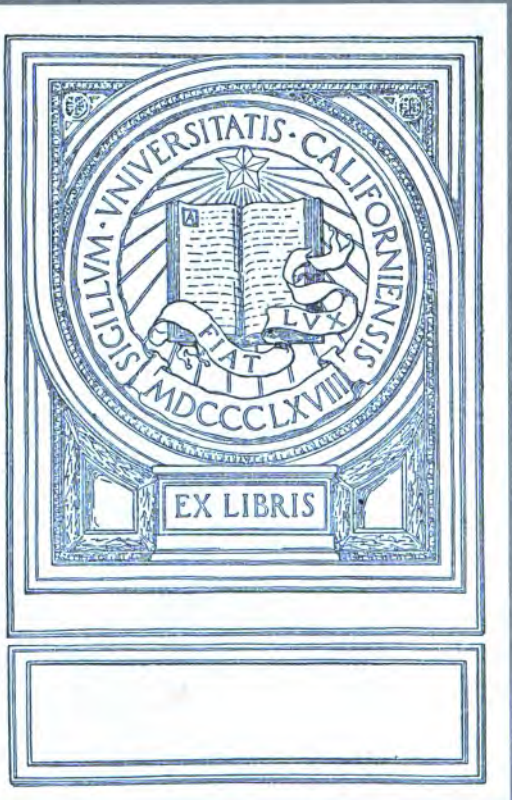
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THE

CAVALIER SONGS AND BALLADS OF ENGLAND

FROM 1642 TO 1684

EDITED BY

CHARLES MACKAY

LL. D.

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

LONDON

GRIFFIN BOHN AND CO

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1863.

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CALIFORNIA

JOHN CHILDS AND SON, PRINTERS.

INTRODUCTION.

THE Cavalier Ballads of England, like the Jacobite Ballads of England and Scotland at a later period, are mines of wealth for the student of the history and social manners of our ancestors. The rude but often beautiful political lyrics of the early days of the Stuarts were far more interesting and important to the people who heard or repeated them, than any similar compositions can be in our time. When the printing press was the mere vehicle of polemics for the educated minority, and when the daily journal was neither a luxury of the poor, a necessity of the rich, nor an appreciable power in the formation and guidance of public opinion, the song and the ballad appealed to the passion, if not to the intellect of the masses, and instructed them in all the leading events of the time. In our day the people need no information

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of the kind, for they procure it from the more readily available and more copious if not more reliable, source of the daily and weekly press. The song and ballad have ceased to deal with public affairs. No new ones of the kind are made except as miserable parodies and burlesques that may amuse sober costermongers and half-drunken men about town, who frequent music saloons at midnight, but which are offensive to every one else. Such genuine old ballads as remain in the popular memory are either fast dying out, or relate exclusively to the never-to-be-superseded topics of love, war, and wine. The people of our day have little heart or appreciation for song, except in Scotland and Ireland. England and America are too prosaic and too busy, and the masses, notwithstanding all their supposed advantages in education, are much too vulgar to delight in either song or ballad that rises to the dignity of poetry. They appreciate the buffooneries of the "Negro Minstrelsy," and the inanities and the vapidities of sentimental love songs, but the elegance of such writers as Thomas Moore, and the force of such vigorous thinkers and tender lyrists as Robert Burns, are above their sphere, and are left to scholars in their closets and ladies in their drawing-rooms. The case was different among our ances-

tors in the memorable period of the struggle for liberty that commenced in the reign of Charles I. The Puritans had the pulpit on their side, and found it a powerful instrument. The Cavaliers had the song writers on theirs, and found them equally effective. And the song and ballad writers of that day were not always illiterate versifiers. Some of them were the choicest wits and most accomplished gentlemen of the nation. As they could not reach the ears of their countrymen by the printed book, the pamphlet, or the newspaper, nor mount the pulpit and dispute with Puritanism on its own ground and in its own precincts, they found the song, the ballad, and the epigram more available among a musical and song-loving people such as the English then were, and trusted to these to keep up the spirit of loyalty in the evil days of the royal cause, to teach courage in adversity, and cheerfulness in all circumstances, and to ridicule the hypocrites whom they could not shame, and the tyrants whom they could not overthrow. Though many thousands of these have been preserved in the King's Pamphlets in the British Museum, and in other collections which have been freely ransacked for the materials of the following pages, as many thousands more have undoubtedly perished

Originally printed as broadsides, and sold for a halfpenny at country fairs, it used to be the fashion of the peasantry to paste them up in cupboards, or on the backs of doors, and farmers' wives, as well as servant girls and farm labourers, who were able to read, would often paste them on the lids of their trunks, as the best means of preserving them. This is one reason why so many of them have been lost without recovery. To Sir W. C. Trevelyan literature is indebted for the restoration of a few of these waifs and strays, which he found pasted in an old trunk of the days of Cromwell, and which he carefully detached and presented to the British Museum. But a sufficient number of these flying leaves of satire, sentiment, and loyalty have reached our time, to throw a curious and instructive light upon the feelings of the men who resisted the progress of the English Revolution; and who made loyalty to the person of the monarch, even when the monarch was wrong, the first of the civic virtues. In the superabundance of the materials at command, as will be seen from the appended list of books and MSS. which have been consulted and drawn upon to form this collection, the difficulty was to keep within bounds, and to select only such specimens as merited a place in a volume necessarily limited, by

their celebrity, their wit, their beauty, their historical interest, or the light they might happen to throw on the obscure biography of the most remarkable actors in the scenes which they describe. It would be too much to claim for these ballads the exalted title of poetry. They are not poetical in the highest sense of the word, and possibly would not have been so effective for the purpose which they were intended to serve, if their writers had been more fanciful and imaginative, or less intent upon what they had to say than upon the manner of saying it. But if not extremely poetical, they are extremely national, and racy of the soil; and some of them are certain to live as long as the language which produced them. For the convenience of reference and consultation they have been arranged chronologically; beginning with the discontents that inaugurated the reign of Charles I., and following regularly to the final, though short-lived, triumph of the Cavalier cause, in the accession of James II. After his ill-omened advent to the throne, the Cavalier became the Jacobite. In this collection no Jacobite songs, properly so called, are included, it being the intention of the publishers to issue a companion volume, of the Jacobite Ballads of England, from the accession of James II. to the battle of

Culloden, should the public receive the present volume with sufficient favour to justify the venture.

The Editor cannot, in justice to previous fellow-labourers, omit to record his obligation to the interesting volume, with its learned annotations, contributed by Mr Thomas Wright to the Percy Society; or to another and equally valuable collection, edited by Mr J. O. Halliwell.

December, 1862.

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Apollo's Banquet, 1690.
Additional MSS.
Aviary, 1740—1745.
Broadsides, in the reign of Charles II.
" " " *Roxburghe ballads.*
Butler's, Samuel, Posthumous Works, 1732.
Burney's, Dr, Collection of Songs.
Ballads, six, of the time of Charles II., in the British Museum.
Bagford's Collection [qu. date].
Brome's, Alex., Songs [qu. date].
Banquet of Music, 1689.
Bull's, Dr, Collection of Songs [qu. date].
* Collection of State Songs that have been published since the Rebellion, and sung at the several Mug-houses in the Cities of London and Westminster, 1716.
* Collection of Loyal Songs, 1750 [Jacobites].
Complete Collection of Old and New English and Scotch Songs, 1735.
Craig's Collection, 1730.
Convivial Songster, 1782.
Crown Garlands of Golden Roses.
Carey's, Henry, Musical Centus, 1740.

* D'Urfey's Songs (4 volumes,) or Pills to Purge Melancholy.
Douce's Collection, Oxford.
Delightful Companion for the Recorder, 1686.
Dixon's Ballads of the Peasants of England.
English Political Songs and Ballads of the 17th and 18th Centuries, by Walker Wilkins.
Evans' Old Ballads, 1810.
England under the House of Hanover, by Thos. Wright.
Folly in Print, or a Book of Rhymes, 1667.
Golden Garlands of Princely delights, 1620.
Harleian MSS.
Halifax's Songs, 1694.
Halliwell's Collection of Ballads, "Cheetham Library."
Hogg's Jacobite Relics of Scotland.
Jordan's, Thomas, London Triumphant, 1672.
King's Library.
„ Pamphlets—Collection of Political Songs, from 1640 to the Restoration of Charles II.
Kitchener, Dr, Loyal and National Songs.
Loyal Songs, 120, 1684, by N. Thompson.
„ 180, 1685 to 1694.
Loyal Songs, 1731.
* Loyal Songs written against the Rump Parliament, between 1639 and 1661.
Loyal Garland, containing choice Songs, &c., of our late Revolution, 1761, and 5th Edition, 1686, Percy Society.
Merry Drollery, complete, 1670.
Muses' Merriment, 1656. *See* "Sportive Wit."
Musical MSS., British Museum.
Musical Miscellany, Watts.
Muse's Delight, 1757, or "Apollo's Cabinet."
Old Ballads, 1723, British Museum.
Playford's Music and Mirth—"Douce's Collection."
„ Choice Songs, &c.

Playford's Theatre of Music, 1685.
„ Pleasant Music Companion.
„ Catch that Catch can.
„ Antidote against Melancholy, 1669.
Political Merriment.
* Pills to Purge Melancholy, 1661.
Parker's, Martin, Ballads, Roxburghe Collection.
Political Ballads, Percy Society, Wright's Collection.
Pepys' Collection, British Museum.
Rats rhymed to Death, 1660; King's Pamphlets, British Museum.
* Roxburghe Ballads, 3 vols.
Rump Collection of Songs, 1639 to 1661. *See* Loyal Songs.
Ritson's Ancient Songs, 1790.
„ English „
Ramsay, Allan, Tea-table Miscellany, 1724.
Rome rhymed to Death [qu. date].
Sportive Wit; the Muse's Merriment [qu. date].
Skene MSS.
Suckling's, Sir John, Works [qu. date].
Second Tale of a Tub, 1715.
Satirical Songs on Costume.
True Loyalist, or Chevalier's Favourite, 1779.
Triumph of Wit, or Ingenuity Displayed.
Taubman's, Mat., Heroic and Choice Songs on the Times, 1682.
Westminster Drollery, 1671.
* Wit and Mirth, or Pills to Purge Melancholy.
Wit restored, 1658.
Wit's Recreation, 1654.
Williams', Sir Charles Hanbury, Political Songs.
Wood's, Anthony, Collection at Oxford [Ashmolean].
Wither's, George, Songs.
Wade's, John, Ballads [qu. date].

CAVALIER SONGS AND BALLADS.

WHEN THE KING ENJOYS HIS OWN AGAIN.

This is perhaps the most popular of all the Cavalier songs—a favour which it partly owes to the excellent melody with which it is associated. The song, says Mr Chappell, is ascertained to be by Martin Parker, by the following extract from the *Gossips' Feast*, or Moral Tales, 1647. "By my faith, Martin Parker never got a fairer treat: no, not when he indited that sweet ballad, When the King enjoys his own again." In the poet's Blind Man's Bough (or Buff), 1641, Martin Parker says,

> "Whatever yet was published by me
> Was known as Martin Parker, or M. P.;"

but this song was printed without his name or initials, at a time when it would have been dangerous to give either his own name or that of his publisher. Ritson calls it the most famous song of any time or country. Invented to support the declining interest of Charles I., it served afterwards with more success to keep up the spirits of the Cavaliers, and promote the restoration of his son; an event which it was employed to celebrate all over the kingdom. At the Revolution of 1688, it of course became an adherent of the exiled King, whose cause it never deserted. It did equal service in 1715 and 1745. The tune appears to have been originally known as *Marry me*,

merry ma' quoth he, bonny lass. Booker, Pond, Hammond, Rivers, Swallow, Dade, and "The Man in the Moon," were all astrologers and Almanac makers in the early days of the civil war. "The Man in the Moon" appears to have been a loyalist in his predictions. Hammond's Almanac is called "bloody" because the compiler always took care to note the anniversary of the death, execution, or downfal of a Royalist.

WHAT *Booker* doth prognosticate
Concerning kings' or kingdoms' fate?
I think myself to be as wise
As he that gazeth on the skies;
My skill goes beyond the depth of a *Pond*,
Or *Rivers* in the greatest rain,
Thereby I can tell all things will be well
When the King enjoys his own again.

There's neither *Swallow*, *Dove*, nor *Dade*,
Can soar more high, or deeper wade,
Nor show a reason from the stars
What causeth peace or civil wars;
The Man in the Moon may wear out his shoon
By running after Charles his wain:
But all's to no end, for the times will not mend
Till the King enjoys his own again.

Though for a time we see Whitehall
With cobwebs hanging on the wall
Instead of silk and silver brave,
Which formerly it used to have,
With rich perfume in every room,—
Delightful to that princely train,
Which again you shall see, when the time it shall be,
That the King enjoys his own again.

Full forty years the royal crown
Hath been his father's and his own;
And is there any one but he
That in the same should sharer be?
For who better may the sceptre sway
Than he that hath such right to reign?
Then let's hope for a peace, for the wars will not cease
Till the King enjoys his own again.

[Did *Walker* no predictions lack
In Hammond's bloody almanack?
Foretelling things that would ensue,
That all proves right, if lies be true;
But why should not he the pillory foresee,
Wherein poor Toby once was ta'en?
And also foreknow to the gallows he must go
When the King enjoys his own again?]

Till then upon Ararat's hill
My hope shall cast her anchor still,
Until I see some peaceful dove
Bring home the branch I dearly love;
Then will I wait till the waters abate
Which now disturb my troubled brain,
Else never rejoice till I hear the voice
That the King enjoys his own again.

* This stanza is omitted in most collections. Walker was a colonel in the parliamentary army; and afterwards a member of the Committee of Safety.

WHEN THE KING COMES HOME IN PEACE AGAIN.

From a broadside in the Roxburghe Collection of Ballads. It appears to have been written shortly after Martin Parker's original ballad obtained popularity among the Royalists, and to be by another hand. It bears neither date nor printer's name; and has "God save the King, Amen," in large letters at the end.

OXFORD and Cambridge shall agree,
With honour crown'd, and dignity;
For learned men shall then take place,
And bad be silenced with disgrace:
They'll know it to be but a casualty
That hath so long disturb'd their brain;
For I can surely tell that all things will go well
When the King comes home in peace again.

Church government shall settled be,
And then I hope we shall agree
Without their help, whose high-brain'd zeal
Hath long disturb'd the common weal;
Greed out of date, and cobblers that do prate
Of wars that still disturb their brain;
The which you will see, when the time it shall be
That the King comes home in peace again.

Though many now are much in debt,
And many shops are to be let,
A golden time is drawing near,
Men shops shall take to hold their ware;
And then all our trade shall flourishing be made,
To which ere long we shall attain;
For still I can tell all things will be well
When the King comes home in peace again.

Maidens shall enjoy their mates,
And honest men their lost estates;
Women shall have what they do lack,
Their husbands, who are coming back.
When the wars have an end, then I and my friend
All subjects' freedom shall obtain;
By which I can tell all things will be well
When we enjoy sweet peace again.

Though people now walk in great fear
Along the country everywhere,
Thieves shall then tremble at the law,
And justice shall keep them in awe:
The Frenchies shall flee with their treacherie,
And the foes of the King ashamed remain:
The which you shall see when the time it shall be
That the King comes home in peace again.

The Parliament must willing be
That all the world may plainly see
How they do labour still for peace,
That now these bloody wars may cease;
For they will gladly spend their lives to defend
The King in all his right to reign:
So then I can tell all things will be well
When we enjoy sweet peace again.

When all these things to pass shall come
Then farewell Musket, Pick, and Drum,
The Lamb shall with the Lion feed,
Which were a happy time indeed.

O let us pray we may all see the day
That peace may govern in his name,
For then I can tell all things will be well
When the King comes home in peace again.

I LOVE MY KING AND COUNTRY WELL.

From Songs and other Poems by Alex. Brome, Gent. Published London 1664; written 1645.

I LOVE my King and country well,
Religion and the laws;
Which I'm mad at the heart that e'er we did sell
To buy the good old cause.
These unnatural wars
And brotherly jars
Are no delight or joy to me;
But it is my desire
That the wars should expire,
And the King and his realms agree.

I never yet did take up arms,
And yet I dare to dye;
But I'll not be seduced by phanatical charms
Till I know a reason why.
Why the King and the state
Should fall to debate
I ne'er could yet a reason see,
But I find many one
Why the wars should be done,
And the King and his realms agree.

I love the King and the Parliament,
But I love them both together:
And when they by division asunder are rent,
I know 'tis good for neither.
Whichsoe'er of those
Be victorious,
I'm sure for us no good 'twill be,
For our plagues will increase
Unless we have peace,
And the King and his realms agree.

The King without them can't long stand,
Nor they without the King;
'Tis they must advise, and 'tis he must command,
For their power from his must spring.
'Tis a comfortless sway
When none will obey;
If the King han't his right, which way shall we?
They may vote and make laws,
But no good they will cause
Till the King and his realms agree.

A pure religion I would have,
Not mixt with human wit;
And I cannot endure that each ignorant knave
Should dare to meddle with it.
The tricks of the law
I would fain withdraw,
That it may be alike to each degree:
And I fain would have such
As do meddle so much,
With the King and the church agree.

We have pray'd and pray'd that the wars might cease,
And we be free men made;
I would fight, if my fighting would bring any peace,
But war is become a trade.
Our servants did ride
With swords by their side,
And made their masters footmen be;
But we'll be no more slaves
To the beggars and knaves
Now the King and the realms do agree.

THE COMMONERS.

Written in 1645 to the Club-men, by Alex. Brome.

Come your ways,
Bonny boys
Of the town,
For now is your time or never:
Shall your fears
Or your cares
Cast you down?
Hang your wealth
And your health,
Get renown.
We are all undone for ever,
Now the King and the crown
Are tumbling down,

And the realm doth groan with disasters;
And the scum of the land
Are the men that command,
And our slaves are become our masters.

Now our lives,
Children, wives,
And estate,
Are a prey to the lust and plunder,
To the rage
Of our age;
And the fate
Of our land
Is at hand;
'Tis too late
To tread these usurpers under.
First down goes the crown,
Then follows the gown,
Thus levell'd are we by the Roundhead;
While Church and State must
Feed their pride and their lust,
And the kingdom and king be confounded.

Shall we still
Suffer ill
And be dumb,
And let every varlet undo us?
Shall we doubt
Of each lout
That doth come,
With a voice
Like the noise
Of a drum,
And a sword or a buff-coat, to us?

Shall we lose our estates
By plunder and rates,
To bedeck those proud upstarts that swagger?
Rather fight for your meat
Which those locusts do eat,
Now every man's a beggar.

THE ROYALIST.

By Alex. Brome. Written 1646.

Come pass about the bowl to me,
A health to our distressèd King;
Though we're in hold let cups go free,
Birds in a cage may freely sing.
The ground does tipple healths afar
When storms do fall, and shall not we?
A sorrow dares not show its face
When we are ships, and sack's the sea.

Pox on this grief, hang wealth, let's sing;
Shall's kill ourselves for fear of death?
We'll live by th' air which songs do bring,
Our sighing does but waste our breath.
Then let us not be discontent,
Nor drink a glass the less of wine;
In vain they'll think their plagues are spent
When once they see we don't repine.

We do not suffer here alone,
Though we are beggar'd, so's the King;
'Tis sin t' have wealth when he has none,
Tush! poverty's a royal thing!

When we are larded well with drink,
Our head shall turn as round as theirs,
Our feet shall rise, our bodies sink
Clean down the wind like Cavaliers.

Fill this unnatural quart with sack,
Nature all vacuums doth decline;
Ourselves will be a zodiac,
And every mouth shall be a sign.
Methinks the travels of the glass
Are circular, like Plato's year;
Where everything is as it was
Let's tipple round: and so 'tis here.

THE NEW COURTIER.

By Alex. Brome. 1648.

Since it must be so
Then so let it go,
Let the giddy-brain'd times turn round;
Since we have no king let the goblet be crown'd,
Our monarchy thus will recover:
While the pottles are weeping
We'll drench our sad souls
In big-bellied bowls;
Our sorrows in sack shall lie steeping,
And we'll drink till our eyes do run over;
And prove it by reason
That it can be no treason
To drink and to sing
A mournival of healths to our new-crown'd King.

Let us all stand bare;—
In the presence we are,
Let our noses like bonfires shine;
Instead of the conduits, let the pottles run wine,
To perfect this new coronation;
And we that are loyal
In drink shall be peers,
While that face that wears
Pure claret, looks like the blood-royal,
And outstares the bones of the nation:
In sign of obedience,
Our oath of allegiance
Beer-glasses shall be,
And he that tipples ten is of the nobility.

But if in this reign
The halberted train
Or the constable should rebel,
And should make their turbill'd militia to swell,
And against the King's party raise arms;
Then the drawers, like yeomen
Of the guards, with quart pots
Shall fuddle the sots,
While we make 'em both cuckolds and freemen;
And on their wives beat up alarums.
Thus as each health passes
We'll triple the glasses,
And hold it no sin
To be loyal and drink in defence of our King.

UPON THE CAVALIERS DEPARTING OUT OF LONDON.

By Alex. Brome.

Now fare thee well, London,
Thou next must be undone,
'Cause thou hast undone us before;
This cause and this tyrant
Had never play'd this high rant
Were't not for thy *argent d'or*.

Now we must desert thee,
With the lines that begirt thee,
And the red-coated saints domineer;
Who with liberty fool thee,
While a monster doth rule thee,
And thou feel'st what before thou didst fear.

Now justice and freedom,
With the laws that did breed 'em,
Are sent to Jamaica for gold,
And those that upheld 'em
Have power but seldom,
For justice is barter'd and sold.

Now the Christian religion
Must seek a new region,
And the old saints give way to the new;
And we that are loyal
Vail to those that destroy all,
When the Christian gives place to the Jew.

But this is our glory,
In this wretched story
  Calamities fall on the best;
And those that destroy us
Do better employ us,
  To sing till they are supprest.

A MAD WORLD, MY MASTERS.

From the King's pamphlets, British Museum.

We have a King, and yet no King,
  For he hath lost his power;
For 'gainst his will his subjects are
  Imprison'd in the Tower.

We had some laws (but now no laws)
  By which he held his crown;
And we had estates and liberties,
  But now they're voted down.

We had religion, but of late
  That's beaten down with clubs;
Whilst that profaneness authorized
  Is belched forth in tubs.

We were free subjects born, but now
  We are by force made slaves,
By some whom we did count our friends,
  But in the end proved knaves.

And now to such a grievous height
Are our misfortunes grown,
That our estates are took away
By tricks before ne'er known.

For there are agents sent abroad
Most humbly for to crave
Our alms; but if they are denied,
And of us nothing have,

Then by a vote *ex tempore*
We are to prison sent,
Mark'd with the name of enemy,
To King and Parliament;

And during our imprisonment,
Their lawless bulls do plunder
A license to their soldiers,
Our houses for to plunder.

And if their hounds do chance to smell
A man whose fortunes are
Of some account, whose purse is full,
Which now is somewhat rare;

A *monster* now, *delinquent* term'd,
He is declared to be,
And that his lands, as well as goods,
Sequester'd ought to be.

As if our prisons were too good,
He is to Yarmouth sent,
By virtue of a warrant from
The King and Parliament.

Thus in our royal sovereign's name,
And eke his power infused,
And by the virtue of the same,
He and all his abused.

For by this means his castles now
Are in the power of those
Who treach'rously, with might and main,
Do strive him to depose.

Arise, therefore, brave British men,
Fight for your King and State,
Against those trait'rous men that strive
This realm to ruinate.

'Tis Pym, 'tis Pym and his colleagues,
That did our woe engender;
Nought but their lives can end our woes,
And us in safety render.

THE MAN O' THE MOON.

Hogg, in his second series of Jacobite Relics, states that he "got this song among some old papers belonging to Mr Orr of Alloa," and that he never met with it elsewhere. In his first series he printed a Scottish song beginning,—

> "There was a man came from the moon
> And landed in our town, sir,
> And he has sworn a solemn oath
> That all but knaves must down, sir."

In Martin Parker's foregoing ballad, "When the King enjoys his own again," there is also an allusion to the man in the moon :—

"The Man in the Moon
May wear out his shoon
By running after Charles his wain;"

as it would appear that the "Man in the Moon" was the title assumed by an almanack-maker of the time of the Commonwealth, who, like other astronomers and astrologers, predicted the King's restoration. In this song the "Man o' the Moon" clearly signifies King Charles.

THE man o' the moon for ever!
The man o' the moon for ever!
We'll drink to him still
In a merry cup of ale,—
Here's the man o' the moon for ever!

The man o' the moon, here's to him!
How few there be that know him!
But we'll drink to him still
In a merry cup of ale,—
The man o' the moon, here's to him!

Brave man o' the moon, we hail thee,
The true heart ne'er shall fail thee;
For the day that's gone
And the day that's our own—
Brave man o' the moon, we hail thee.

We have seen the bear bestride thee,
And the clouds of winter hide thee,
But the moon is changed
And here we are ranged,—
Brave man o' the moon, we bide thee.

The man o' the moon for ever!
The man o' the moon for ever!

We'll drink to him still
In a merry cup of ale,—
Here's the man o' the moon for ever!

We have grieved the land should shun thee,
And have never ceased to mourn thee,
But for all our grief
There was no relief,—
Now, man o' the moon, return thee.

There's Orion with his golden belt,
And Mars, that burning mover,
But of all the lights
That rule the nights,
The man o' the moon for ever!

THE TUB-PREACHER.

By Samuel Butler (Author of Hudibras).

To the tune of "The Old Courtier of the Queen's."

With face and fashion to be known,
With eyes all white, and many a groan,
With neck awry and snivelling tone,
And handkerchief from nose new-blown,
And loving cant to sister Joan;
'Tis a new teacher about the town,
Oh! the town's new teacher!

With cozening laugh, and hollow cheek,
To get new gatherings every week,
With paltry sense as man can speak,

With some small Hebrew, and no Greek,
With hums and haws when stuff's to seek;
'Tis a new teacher, etc.

With hair cut shorter than the brow,
With little band, as you know how,
With cloak like Paul, no coat I trow,
With surplice none, nor girdle now,
With hands to thump, nor knees to bow;
'Tis a new teacher, etc.

With shop-board breeding and intrusion,
By some outlandish institution,
With Calvin's method and conclusion,
To bring all things into confusion,
And far-stretched sighs for mere illusion;
'Tis a new teacher, etc.

With threats of absolute damnation,
But certainty of some salvation
To his new sect, not every nation,
With election and reprobation,
And with some use of consolation;
'Tis a new teacher, etc.

With troops expecting him at door
To hear a sermon and no more,
And women follow him good store,
And with great Bibles to turn o'er,
Whilst Tom writes notes, as bar-boys score,
'Tis a new teacher, etc.

With double cap to put his head in,
That looks like a black pot tipp'd with tin;
While with antic gestures he doth gape and grin;
The sisters admire, and he wheedles them in,
Who to cheat their husbands think no sin;
'Tis a new teacher, etc.

With great pretended spiritual motions,
And many fine whimsical notions,
With blind zeal and large devotions,
With broaching rebellion and raising commotions,
And poisoning the people with Geneva potions;
'Tis a new teacher, etc.

THE NEW LITANY.

From the King's pamphlets, British Museum. Satires in the form of a litany were common from 1646 to 1746, and even later.

From an extempore prayer and a godly ditty,
From the churlish government of a city,
From the power of a country committee,
Libera nos, Domine.

From the Turk, the Pope, and the Scottish nation,
From being govern'd by proclamation,
And from an old Protestant, quite out of fashion,
Libera, etc.

From meddling with those that are out of our reaches,
From a fighting priest, and a soldier that preaches,
From an ignoramus that writes, and a woman that teaches,
Libera, etc.

From the doctrine of deposing of a king,
From the *Directory*,* or any such thing,
From a fine new marriage without a ring,
Libera, etc.

From a city that yields at the first summons,
From plundering goods, either man or woman's,
Or having to do with the House of Commons,
Libera, etc.

From a stumbling horse that tumbles o'er and o'er,
From ushering a lady, or walking before,
From an English-Irish rebel, newly come o'er,†
Libera, etc.

From compounding, or hanging in a silken altar,
From oaths and covenants, and being pounded in a mortar,
From contributions, or free-quarter,
Libera, etc.

* The Directory for the Public Worship of God, ordered by the Assembly of Divines at Westminster in 1644, to supersede the Book of Common Prayer.

† The Earl of Thomond.

From mouldy bread, and musty beer,
From a holiday's fast, and a Friday's cheer,
From a brother-hood, and a she-cavalier,
Libera, etc.

From Nick Neuter, for you, and for you,
From Thomas Turn-coat, that will never prove true,
From a reverend Rabbi that's worse than a Jew,
Libera, etc.

From a country justice that still looks big,
From swallowing up the Italian fig,
Or learning of the Scottish jig,
Libera, etc.

From being taken in a disguise,
From believing of the printed lies,
From the Devil and from the Excise,*
Libera, etc.

From a broken pate with a pint pot,
For fighting for I know not what,
And from a friend as false as a Scot,
Libera, etc.

From one that speaks no sense, yet talks all that he can,
From an old woman and a Parliament man,
From an Anabaptist and a Presbyter man,
Libera, etc.

* The Excise, first introduced by the Long Parliament, was particularly obnoxious to the Tory party. Dr Johnson more than a hundred years later shared all the antipathy of his party to it, and in his Dictionary defined it to be "a hateful tax levied upon commodities, and adjudged not by the common judges of property, but by wretches hired by those to whom excise is paid."

From Irish rebels and Welsh hubbub-men,
From Independents and their tub-men,
From sheriffs' bailiffs, and their club-men,
Libera, etc.

From one that cares not what he saith,
From trusting one that never payeth,
From a private preacher and a public faith,
Libera, etc.

From a vapouring horse and a Roundhead in buff,
From roaring Jack Cavee, with money little enough,
From beads and such idolatrous stuff,
Libera, etc.

From holydays, and all that's holy,
From May-poles and fiddlers, and all that's jolly,
From Latin or learning, since that is folly,
Libera, etc.

And now to make an end of all,
I wish the Roundheads had a fall,
Or else were hanged in Goldsmith's Hall.
Amen.

Benedicat Dominus.

THE OLD PROTESTANT'S LITANY.

Against all sectaries
And their defendants,
Both Presbyterians
And Independents.

Mr Walter Wilkins, in his Political Ballads of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries, says, the imprint of this broad-

side intimates that it was published in "the year of Hope, 1647," and Thomson, the collector, added the precise date, the 7th of September.

THAT thou wilt be pleased to grant our requests,
And quite destroy all the vipers' nests,
That England and her true religion molests,
Te rogamus audi nos.

That thou wilt be pleased to censure with pity
The present estate of our once famous city;
Let her still be govern'd by men just and witty,
Te rogamus, etc.

That thou wilt be pleased to consider the Tower,
And all other prisons in the Parliament's power,
Where King Charles his friends find their welcome but sour,
Te rogamus, etc.

That thou wilt be pleased to look on the grief
Of the King's old servants, and send them relief,
Restore to the yeomen o' th' Guard chines of beef,
Te rogamus, etc.

That thou wilt be pleased very quickly to bring
Unto his just rights our so much-wrong'd King,
That he may be happy in everything,
Te rogamus, etc.

That Whitehall may shine in its pristine lustre,
That the Parliament may make a general muster,
That knaves may be punish'd by men who are juster,
Te rogamus, etc.

That now the dog-days are fully expired,
That those cursed curs, which our patience have tired,
May suffer what is by true justice required,
Te rogamus, etc.

That thou wilt be pleased to incline conqu'ring Thomas
(Who now hath both city and Tower gotten from us),
That he may be just in performing his promise,
Te rogamus, etc.

That our hopeful Prince and our gracious Queen
(Whom we here in England long time have not seen)
May soon be restored to what they have been,
Te rogamus, etc.

That the rest of the royal issue may be
From their Parliamentary guardians set free,
And be kept according to their high degree,
Te rogamus, etc.

That our ancient Liturgy may be restored,
That the organs (by sectaries so much abhorr'd)
May sound divine praises, according to the word,
Te rogamus, etc.

That the ring in marriage, the cross at the font,
Which the devil and the Roundheads so much affront,
May be used again, as before they were wont,
Te rogamus, etc.

That Episcopacy, used in its right kind,
In England once more entertainment may find,
That Scots and lewd factions may go down the wind,
Te rogamus, etc.

That thou wilt be pleased again to restore
All things in due order, as they were before,
That the Church and the State may be vex'd no more,
Te rogamus, etc.

That all the King's friends may enjoy their estates,
And not be kept, as they have been, at low rates,
That the poor may find comfort again at their gates,
Te rogamus, etc.

That thou wilt all our oppressions remove,
And grant us firm faith and hope, join'd with true love,
Convert or confound all which virtue reprove,
Te rogamus, etc.

That all peevish sects that would live uncontroll'd,
And will not be govern'd, as all subjects should,
To New England may pack, or live quiet i' th' Old,
Te rogamus, etc.

That gracious King Charles, with his children and wife,
Who long time have suffer'd through this civil strife,
May end with high honour their natural life,
Te rogamus, etc.

That they who have seized on honest men's treasure,
Only for their loyalty to God and to Cæsar,
May in time convenient find measure for measure,
Te rogamus, etc.

That thou all these blessings upon us wilt send,
We are no *Independents*, on Thee we depend,
And as we believe, from all harm us defend;
Te rogamus, etc.

VIVE LE ROY.

From a collection of songs, 1640 to 1660. It is also to be found in the additional MSS., No. 11,608, p. 54, in the collection in the British Museum. It was sung to the air of Love lies bleeding,—and was, says Mr Chappell, "the God save the King" of Charles I., Charles II., and James II.

WHAT though the zealots pull down the prelates,
Push at the pulpit, and kick at the crown,
Shall we not never once more endeavour,
Strive to purchase our royall renown?
Shall not the Roundhead first be confounded?
Sa, sa, sa, say, boys, ha, ha, ha, ha, boys,
Then we'll return with triumph and joy.
Then we'll be merry, drink white wine and sherry,
Then we will sing, boys, God bless the King, boys,
Cast up our caps, and cry, *Vive le Roy*.

What though the wise make Alderman Isaac
Put us in prison and steal our estates,
Though we be forced to be unhorsed,
And walk on foot as it pleaseth the fates;

In the King's army no man shall harm ye.
Then come along, boys, valiant and strong, boys,
Fight for your goods, which the Roundheads enjoy;
And when you venture London to enter,
And when you come, boys, with fife and drum, boys,
Isaac himself shall cry, *Vive le Roy.*

If you will choose them, do not refuse them,
Since honest Parliament never made thieves,
Charles will not further have rogues dipt in murder,
Neither by leases, long lives, nor reprieves.
'Tis the conditions and propositions
Will not be granted, then be not daunted,
We will our honest old customs enjoy;
Paul's not rejected, will be respected,
And in the quier voices rise higher,
Thanks to the heavens, and (cry), *Vive le Roy.*

THE CAVALIER.

By Samuel Butler. From his Posthumous Works. A somewhat different version appears in Chappell's Popular Music of the Olden Time.

He that is a clear
Cavalier
Will not repine,
Although
His pocket grow
So very low
He cannot get wine.

Fortune is a lass
Will embrace,
But soon destroy;
Born free,
In liberty
We'll always be,
Singing *Vive le Roy.*

Virtue is its own reward,
And Fortune is a whore;
There's none but knaves and fools regard her,
Or her power implore.
But he that is a trusty *Roger*,
And will serve the King;
Altho' he be a tatter'd soldier,
Yet may skip and sing:
Whilst we that fight for love,
May in the way of honour prove
That they who make sport of us
May come short of us;
Fate will flatter them,
And will scatter them;
Whilst our loyalty
Looks upon royalty,
We that live peacefully,
May be successfully
Crown'd with a crown at last.

Tho' a real honest man
May be quite undone,
He'll show his allegiance,
Love, and obedience;
Those will raise him up,
Honour stays him up,

Virtue keeps him up,
And we praise him up.
Whilst the vain courtiers dine,
With their bottles full of wine,
Honour will make him fast.
Freely then
Let's be honest men
  And kick at fate,
For we may live to see
Our loyalty
  Valued at a higher rate.
He that bears a sword
  Or a word against the throne,
And does profanely prate
To abuse the state,
  Hath no kindness for his own.

What tho' painted plumes and players
  Are the prosp'rous men,
Yet we'll attend our own affairs
  'Till they come to 't agen;
Treachery may be faced with light,
  And letchery lined with furr;
A cuckold may be made a knight,
  Sing *Fortune de la guerre.*
But what's that to us, brave boys,
That are right honest men?
We'll conquer and come again,
Beat up the drum again;
    Hey for *Cavaliers,*
    Hoe for *Cavaliers,*
    Drink for *Cavaliers,*
    Fight for *Cavaliers,*

Dub-a-dub, dub-a-dub,
Have at Old *Beelzebub*,
Oliver stinks for fear.

Fifth Monarchy-men must down, boys,
With bulleys of every sect in town, boys;
We'll rally and to 't again,
Give 'em the rout again;
Fly like light about,
Face to the right-about,
Charge them home again
When they come on again;
Sing Tantara rara, boys,
Tantara rara, boys,
This is the life of an Old Cavalier.

A CAVEAT TO THE ROUNDHEADS.

From the Posthumous Works of Samuel Butler.

I COME to charge ye
That fight the clergy,
And pull the mitre from the prelate's head,
That you will be wary
Lest you miscarry
In all those factious humours you have bred;
But as for *Brownists* we'll have none,
But take them all and hang them one by one.

Your wicked actions
Join'd in factions
Are all but aims to rob the King of his due;

Then give this reason
For your treason,
That you'll be ruled, if he'll be ruled by you.
Then leave these factions, zealous brother,
Lest you be hanged one against another.

HEY, THEN, UP GO WE.

This song, says Mr Chappell, in his Popular Music of the Olden Time, which describes with some humour the taste of the Puritans, might pass for a Puritan song, if it were not contained in the "Shepherds' Oracles," by Francis Quarles, 1646. He was cup-bearer to Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, daughter of James I., and afterwards chronologer to the city of London. He died in 1644, and his Shepherds' Oracles were a posthumous publication. It was often reprinted during the Restoration, and reproduced and slightly altered by Thomas Durfey, in his "Pills to Purge Melancholy," where the burthen is, "Hey, boys, up go we."

KNOW this, my brethren, heaven is clear,
And all the clouds are gone;
The righteous man shall flourish now,
Good days are coming on.
Then come, my brethren, and be glad,
And eke rejoyce with me;
Lawn sleeves and rochets shall go down,
And hey, then, up go we.

We'll break the windows which the whore
Of Babylon hath painted,
And when the popish saints are down
Then Barrow shall be sainted;

There's neither cross nor crucifix
Shall stand for men to see,
Rome's trash and trumpery shall go down,
And hey, then, up go we.

Whate'er the Popish hands have built
Our hammers shall undo;
We'll break their pipes and burn their copes,
And pull down churches too;
We'll exercise within the groves,
And teach beneath a tree;
We'll make a pulpit of a cask,
And hey, then, up go we.

We'll put down Universities,
Where learning is profest,
Because they practise and maintain
The language of the Beast;
We'll drive the doctors out of doors,
And all that learned be;
We'll cry all arts and learning down,
And hey, then, up go we.

We'll down with deans and prebends, too,
And I rejoyce to tell ye
We then shall get our fill of pig,
And capons for the belly.
We'll burn the Fathers' weighty tomes,
And make the School-men flee;
We'll down with all that smells of wit,
And hey, then, up go we.

If once the Antichristian crew
Be crush'd and overthrown,

We'll teach the nobles how to stoop,
And keep the gentry down:
Good manners have an ill report,
And turn to pride, we see,
We'll therefore put good manners down,
And hey, then, up go we.

The name of lords shall be abhorr'd,
For every man's a brother;
No reason why in Church and State
One man should rule another;
But when the change of government
Shall set our fingers free,
We'll make these wanton sisters stoop,
And hey, then, up go we.

What though the King and Parliament
Do not accord together,
We have more cause to be content,
This is our sunshine weather:
For if that reason should take place,
And they should once agree,
Who would be in a Roundhead's case,
For hey, then, up go we.

What should we do, then, in this case?
Let's put it to a venture;
If that we hold out seven years' space
We'll sue out our indenture.
A time may come to make us rue,
And time may set us free,
Except the gallows claim his due,
And hey, then, up go we.

THE CLEAN CONTRARY WAY,
OR,
COLONEL VENNE'S ENCOURAGEMENT TO HIS SOLDIERS.

To the air of "Hey, then, up go we."

From a Collection of Loyal Songs written against the Rump Parliament.

FIGHT on, brave soldiers, for the cause,
Fear not the Cavaliers;
Their threat'nings are as senseless as
Our jealousies and fears.
Tis you must perfect this great work,
And all malignants slay;
You must bring back the King again
The clean contrary way.

'Tis for religion that you fight,
And for the kingdom's good;
By robbing churches, plundering them,
And shedding guiltless blood.
Down with the orthodoxal train,
All loyal subjects slay;
When these are gone, we shall be blest
The clean contrary way.

When *Charles* we have made bankrupt,
Of power and crown bereft him,
And all his loyal subjects slain,
And none but rebels left him;
When we have beggar'd all the land,
And sent our trunks away,
We'll make him then a glorious prince
The clean contrary way.

'Tis to preserve his Majesty
That we against him fight,
Nor ever are we beaten back,
Because our cause is right:
If any make a scruple at
Our Declarations, say,—
Who fight for us, fight for the King
The clean contrary way.

At *Keinton*, *Brainsford*, *Plymouth*, *York*,
And divers places more,
What victories we saints obtain,
The like ne'er seen before:
How often we Prince *Rupert* kill'd,
And bravely won the day,
The wicked Cavaliers did run
The clean contrary way.

The true religion we maintain,
The kingdom's peace and plenty;
The privilege of Parliament
Not known to one and twenty;
The ancient fundamental laws,
And teach men to obey
Their lawful sovereign, and all these
The clean contrary way.

We subjects' liberties preserve
By imprisonment and plunder,
And do enrich ourselves and state
By keeping th' wicked under.
We must preserve mechanicks now
To lectorize and pray;
By them the gospel is advanced
The clean contrary way.

And though the King be much misled
By that malignant crew,
He'll find us honest at the last,
Give all of us our due.
For we do wisely plot, and plot
Rebellion to allay,
He sees we stand for peace and truth
The clean contrary way.

The publick faith shall save our souls
And our good works together;
And ships shall save our lives, that stay
Only for wind and weather:
But when our faith and works fall down
And all our hopes decay,
Our acts will bear us up to heaven
The clean contrary way.

THE CAMERONIAN CAT.

A well-known song from Hogg's Jacobite Relics; and popular among the Cavaliers both of England and Scotland in the days of the Commonwealth. It was usually sung to a psalm tune; the singers imitating the style and manner of a precentor at a Presbyterian church.

THERE was a Cameronian cat
Was hunting for a prey,
And in the house she catch'd a mouse
Upon the Sabbath-day.

The Whig, being offended
At such an act profane,
Laid by his book, the cat he took,
And bound her in a chain.

Thou damn'd, thou cursed creature,
This deed so dark with thee,
Think'st thou to bring to hell below
My holy wife and me?

Assure thyself that for the deed
Thou blood for blood shalt pay,
For killing of the Lord's own mouse
Upon the Sabbath-day.

The presbyter laid by the book,
And earnestly he pray'd
That the great sin the cat had done
Might not on him be laid.

And straight to execution
Poor pussy she was drawn,
And high hang'd up upon a tree—
The preacher sung a psalm.

And when the work was ended,
They thought the cat near dead,
She gave a paw, and then a mew,
And stretched out her head.

Thy name, said he, shall certainly
A beacon still remain,
A terror unto evil ones
For evermore, Amen.

THE ROYAL FEAST.

A Loyall Song of the Royall Feast kept by the Prisoners in the Towre, August last, with the Names, Titles, and Characters of every Prisoner. By Sir F. W., Knight and Baronet, Prisoner. (Sept. 16th, 1647.)

"In the negotiations between the King and the Parliament during the summer and autumn of this year," says Mr Thomas Wright in his Political Ballads of the Commonwealth, published for the Percy Society, "the case of the royalist prisoners in the Tower was frequently brought into question. The latter seized the occasion of complaining against the rigours (complaints apparently exaggerated) which were exerted against them, and on the 16th June, 1647, was published 'A True Relation of the cruell and unparallel'd Oppression which hath been illegally imposed upon the Gentlemen Prisoners in the Tower of London.' The several petitions contained in this tract have the signatures of Francis Howard, Henry Bedingfield, Walter Blount, Giles Strangwaies, Francis Butler, Henry Vaughan, Thomas Lunsford, Richard Gibson, Tho. Violet, John Morley, Francis Wortley, Edw. Bishop, John Hewet, Wingfield Bodenham, Henry Warren, W. Morton, John Slaughter, Gilbert Swinhow."

On the 19th of August (according to the *Moderate Intelligencer* of that date) the King sent to the royal prisoners in the Tower two fat bucks for a feast. This circumstance was the origin of the present ballad. It was written by Sir Francis Wortley, one of the prisoners. This ballad, as we learn by the concluding lines, was to be sung to the popular tune of "Chevy Chace."

God save the best of kings, King Charles!
The best of queens, Queen Mary!
The ladies all, Gloster and Yorke,
Prince Charles, so like old Harry! *

* Henry the Eighth. The comparison is made in other ballads of the age. To play old Harry with any one is a phrase

God send the King his own again,
His towre and all his coyners!
And blesse all kings who are to reigne,
From traytors and purloyners!
The King sent us poor traytors here
(But you may guesse the reason)
Two brace of bucks to mend the cheere,
Is't not to eat them treason?

Let Selden search Cotton's records,
And Rowley in the Towre,
They cannot match the president,
It is not in their power.
Old Collet would have joy'd to 've seen
This president recorded;
For all the papers he ere saw
Scarce such an one afforded.
The King sent us, etc.

But that you may these traytors know,
I'll be so bold to name them;
That if they ever traytors prove
Then this record may shame them:
But these are well-try'd loyal blades
(If England ere had any),
Search both the Houses through and through
You'ld scarcely finde so many.
The King sent us, etc.

The first and chiefe a marquesse* is,
Long with the State did wrestle;

that seems to have originated with those who suffered by the confiscation of church property.

* The Marquis of Winchester, the brave defender of his house at Basing, had been made prisoner by Cromwell at the

Had Ogle * done as much as he,
Th'ad spoyl'd Will Waller's castle.
Ogle had wealth and title got,
So layd down his commissions;
The noble marquesse would not yield,
But scorn'd all base conditions.
The King sent us, etc.

The next a worthy bishop† is,
Of schismaticks was hated;
But I the cause could never know,
Nor see the reason stated.
The cryes were loud, God knowes the cause,
They had a strange committee,
Which was a-foot well neere a yeare,
Who would have had small pitty.
The King sent us, etc.

The next to him is a Welsh Judge,‡
Durst tell them what was treason;

storming of that house in 1645. Waller had been foiled in his attempt on this place in the year preceding.—T. W.

* Sir John Ogle, one of the Royalist commanders, who was intrusted with the defence of Winchester Castle, which he surrendered on conditions just before the siege of Basing House. —T. W.

† Wren, bishop of Ely, was committed to the Tower in 1641, accused with high "misdemeanours" in his diocese.

‡ David Jenkins, a Welsh Judge, who had been made prisoner at the taking of Hereford, and committed first to Newgate and afterwards to the Tower. He refused to acknowledge the authority of the Parliament, and was the author of several tracts published during the year (while he was prisoner in the Tower), which made a great noise.—T. W.

Old honest David durst be good
When it was out of season ;
He durst discover all the tricks
The lawyers use, and knavery,
And show the subtile plots they use
To enthrall us into slavery.
The King sent us, etc.

Frank Wortley * hath a jovial soule,
Yet never was good club-man ;
He's for the bishops and the church,
But can endure no tub-man.
He told Sir Thomas in the Towre,
Though he by him was undone,
It pleased him that he lost more men
In taking him then London.
The King sent us, etc.

Sir Edward Hayles† was wond'rous rich,
No flower in Kent yields honey
In more abundance to the bee
Then they from him suck money ;
Yet hee's as chearfull as the best—
Judge Jenkins sees no reason
That honest men for wealth should be
Accused of high treason.
The King sent us, etc.

* Sir Francis Wortley, Bart., was made a prisoner in 1644, at the taking of Walton House, near Wakefield, by Sir Thomas Fairfax.

† Sir Edward Hales, Bart., of Woodchurch, in Kent, had been member for Queenborough in the Isle of Sheppey. He was not a Royalist.

Old Sir George Strangways* he came in,
Though he himself submitted,
Yet as a traytor he must be
Excepted and committed:
Yet they th' exception now take off,
But not the sequestrations,
Hee must forsooth to Goldsmith's-hall,
The place of desolation.
The King sent us, etc.

Honest Sir Berr's a reall man,
As ere was lapt in leather;
But he (God blesse us) loves the King,
And therefore was sent hither.
He durst be sheriff, and durst make
The Parliament acquainted
What he intended for to doe,
And for this was attainted.
The King sent us, etc.

Sir Benefield,† Sir Walter Blunt,
Are Romishly affected,
So's honest Frank of Howard's race,
And slaughter is suspected.‡

* Sir George Strangways, Bart., according to the marginal note in the original. Another of the name, Sir John Strangways, was taken at the surrender of Sherborne Castle.

† Sir Henry Bedingfield, Bart., of Norfolk; Sir Walter Blount, Bart., of Worcester; and Sir Francis Howard, Bart., of the North, were committed to the Tower on the 22nd of January, 1646.

‡ The horrible barbarities committed by the Irish rebels had made the Catholics so much abhorred in England, that every English member of that community was suspected of plotting the same massacres in England.—T. W.

But how the devill comes this about,
That Papists are so loyall,
And those that call themselves God's saints
Like devils do destroy all?
The King sent us, etc.

Jack Hewet * will have wholesome meat,
And drink good wine, if any;
His entertainment's free and neat,
His choyce of friends not many;
Jack is a loyall-hearted man,
Well parted and a scholar;
He'll grumble if things please him not,
But never grows to choller.
The King sent us, etc.

Gallant Sir Thomas,† bold and stout
(Brave Lunsford), children eateth;
But he takes care, where he eats one,
There he a hundred getteth;
When Harlow's wife brings her long bills,
He wishes she were blinded;
When shee speaks loud, as loud he swears
The woman's earthly-minded.
The King sent us, etc.

* Sir John Hewet, of Huntingdonshire, was committed to the Tower on the 28th of January, 1645(-6).

† Sir Thomas Lunsford, Bart., the celebrated Royalist officer, was committed to the Tower on the 22nd of January, 1646. The violence and barbarities which he and his troop were said to have perpetrated led to the popular belief that he was in the habit of eating children.

From Fielding and from Vavasour,
Both ill-affected men;
From Lunsford eke deliver us,
That eateth up children.
Loyal Songs, ed. 1731, i. 38.

T. W.

Sir Lewis * hath an able pen,
Can cudgell a committee;
He makes them doe him reason, though
They others do not pitty.
Brave Cleaveland had a willing minde,
Frank Wortley was not able,
But Lewis got foure pound per weeke
For's children and his table.
The King sent us, etc.

Giles Strangwayes † has a gallant soul,
A brain infatigable;
What study he ere undertakes
To master it hee's able:
He studies on his theoremes,
And logarithmes for number;
He loves to speake of Lewis Dives,‡
And they are ne'er asunder.
The King sent us, etc.

Sir John Marlow's§ a loyall man
(If England ere bred any),

* Sir William Lewis, one of the eleven members who had been impeached by the army.

† Col. Giles Strangwaies, of Dorsetshire, taken with Sir Lewis Dives, at the surrender of Sherborne, was committed to the Tower on the 28th August, 1645. He was member for Bridport in the Long Parliament, and was one of those who attended Charles's "Mongrel" Parliament at Oxford.

‡ Sir Lewis Dives, an active Royalist, was governor of Sherborne Castle for the King, and had been made a prisoner by Fairfax in August, 1645, when that fortress was taken by storm. He was brother-in-law to Lord Digby.

§ Sir John Morley, of Newcastle, committed to the Tower on the 18th of July, 1645.

He bang'd the pedlar back and side,
Of Scots he killed many.
Had General King* done what he should,
And given the blew-caps battail,
Wee'd make them all run into Tweed
By droves, like sommer cattell.
The King sent us, etc.

Will Morton's † of that Cardinal's race,
Who made that blessed maryage;
He is most loyall to his King,
In action, word, and carryage;
His sword and pen defends the cause,
If King Charles thinke not on him,
Will is amongst the rest undone,—
The Lord have mercy on him!
The King sent us, etc.

Tom Conisby‡ is stout and stern,
Yet of a sweet condition;
To them he loves his crime was great,
He read the King's commission,
And required Cranborn to assist;
He charged, but should have pray'd him;

* King was a Royalist general, in the north, who was slain in July, 1643.

† Sir William Morton, of Gloucestershire, committed to the Tower on the 17th August, 1644. Cardinal Morton, Archbishop of Canterbury, brought about the marriage between King Henry VII. and the daughter of Edward IV., and thus effected the union of the rival houses of York and Lancaster.

‡ Thomas Coningsby, Esq., of Northmyns in Hertfordshire, committed to the Tower in November, 1642, for reading the King's commission of array in that county.

Tom was so bold he did require
All for the King should aid him.
The King sent us, etc.

But I Win. Bodnam* had forgot,
Had suffer'd so much hardship;
There's no man in the Towre had left
The King so young a wardship;
He's firme both to the church and crowne,
The crown law and the canon;
The Houses put him to his shifts,
And his wife's father Mammon.
The King sent us, etc.

Sir Henry Vaughan† looks as grave
As any beard can make him;
Those come poore prisoners for to see
Doe for our patriarke take him.
Old Harry is a right true-blue,
As valiant as Pendraggon;
And would be loyall to his King,
Had King Charles ne'er a rag on.
The King sent us, etc.

John Lilburne‡ is a stirring blade,
And understands the matter;

* Sir Wingfield Bodenham, of the county of Rutland, committed to the Tower on the 31st of July, 1643.

† Sir Henry Vaughan, a Welsh knight, committed to the Tower on the 18th July, 1645.

‡ Lilburn was, as has been observed, in the Tower for his practices against the present order of things, he being an advocate of extreme democratic principles; and he was there instructed in knotty points of law by Judge Jenkins, to enable him

He neither will king, bishops, lords,
Nor th' House of Commons flatter:
John loves no power prerogative,
But that derived from Sion;
As for the mitre and the crown,
Those two he looks awry on.
The King sent us, etc.

Tom Violet* swears his injuries
Are scarcely to be numbred;
He was close prisoner to the State
These score dayes and nine hundred;
For Tom does set down all the dayes,
And hopes he has good debters;
'Twould be no treason (Jenkin sayes)
To bring them peaceful letters.
The King sent us, etc.

Poore Hudson† of all was the last,
For it was his disaster,
He met a turncoat swore that he
Was once King Charles his master;

to torment and baffle the party in power. It was Jenkins who said of Lilburne that "If the world were emptied of all but John Lilburne, Lilburne would quarrel with John, and John with Lilburne."—T. W.

* Mr Thomas Violet, of London, goldsmith, committed to the Tower January 6th, 1643 (-4), for carrying a letter from the King to the mayor and common council of London.

† Dr Hudson had been concerned in the King's transactions with the Scots, previous to his delivering himself up to them, and he and Ashburnham had been his sole attendants in his flight from Oxford for that purpose.—T. W.

So he to London soon was brought,
But came in such a season,
Their martial court was then cry'd down,
They could not try his treason.
The King sent us, etc.

Else Hudson had gone to the pot,
Who is he can abide him?
For he was master to the King,
And (which is more) did guide him.
Had Hudson done (as Judas did),
Most loyally betray'd him,
The Houses are so noble, they
As bravely would have paid him.
The King sent us, etc.

We'll then conclude with hearty healths
To King Charles and Queen Mary;
To the black lad in buff (the Prince),
So like his grandsire Harry;
To York, to Glo'ster; may we not
Send Turk and Pope defiance,
Since we such gallant seconds have
To strengthen our alliance?
Wee'l drink them o're and o're again,
Else we're unthankfull creatures;
Since Charles, the wise, the valiant King,
Takes us for loyall traytors.

This if you will rhyme dogrell call,
(That you please you may name it,)
One of the loyal traytors here
Did for a ballad frame it:

Old Chevy Chace was in his minde ;
If any suit it better,
All those concerned in the song
Will kindly thank the setter.

UPON HIS MAJESTY'S COMING TO HOLMBY.

Charles I., after his surrender to the English Commissioners by the Scotch, was conveyed to Holmby House, Northamptonshire, 16th February, 1647.

HOLD out, brave Charles, and thou shalt win the field ;
Thou canst not lose thyself, unless thou yield
On such conditions as will force thy hand
To give away thy sceptre, crown, and land.
And what is worse, to hazard by thy fall,
To lose a greater crown, more worth than all.

Thy poor distressed Cavaliers rejoyced
To hear thy royal resolution voiced,
And are content far more poor to be
Than yet they are, so it reflects from thee.
Thou art our sovereign still, in spite of hate ;
Our zeal is to thy *person*, not thy *state*.

We are not so ambitious to desire
Our drooping fortunes to be mounted higher,
And thou so great a monarch, to our grief,
Must sue unto thy subjects for relief :
And when they sit and long debate about it,
Must either stay their time, or go without it

No, sacred prince, thy friends esteem thee more
In thy distresses than ere they did before;
And though their wings be clipt, their wishes fly
To heaven by millions, for a fresh supply.
That as thy cause was so betray'd by *men*,
It may by *angels* be restored agen.

I THANK YOU TWICE;

OR

The city courting their own ruin,
Thank the Parliament twice for their treble undoing.

A street ballad. From a broadside, 1647.

THE hierarchy is out of date,
Our monarchy was sick of late,
But now 'tis grown an excellent state:
Oh, God a-mercy, Parliament!

The teachers knew not what to say,
The 'prentices have leave to play,
The people have all forgotten to pray;
Still, God a-mercy, Parliament!

The Roundhead and the Cavalier
Have fought it out almost seven year,
And yet, methinks, they are never the near:
Oh, God, etc.

The gentry are sequester'd all;
Our wives you find at Goldsmith Hall,
For there they meet with the devil and all;
Still, God, etc.

The Parliament are grown to that height
They care not a pin what his Majesty saith;
And they pay all their debts with the public faith.
Oh, God, etc.

Though all we have here is brought to nought,
In Ireland we have whole lordships bought,
There we shall one day be rich, 'tis thought:
Still, God, etc.

We must forsake our father and mother,
And for the State undo our own brother
And never leave murthering one another:
Oh, God, etc.

Now the King is caught and the devil is dead;
Fairfax must be disbanded,
Or else he may chance be Hotham-ed.
Still, God, etc.

They have made King Charles a glorious king,
He was told, long ago, of such a thing;
Now he and his subjects have reason to sing,
Oh, God, etc.

THE CITIES LOYALTIE TO THE KING.

(Aug. 13th, 1647.)

The city of London made several demonstrations this year to support the Presbyterian party in the Parliament against the Independents and the army. In the latter end of September, after the army had marched to London, and the Parliament

acted under its influence, the lord mayor and a large part of the aldermen were committed to the Tower on the charge of high treason; and a new mayor for the rest of the year was appointed by the Parliament.

To the tune of "London is a fine town and a gallant city."

Why kept your train-bands such a stirre?
Why sent you them by clusters?
Then went into Saint James's Parke?
Why took you then their musters?
Why rode my Lord up Fleet-street
With coaches at least twenty,
And fill'd they say with aldermen,
As good they had been empty?
London is a brave towne,
Yet I their cases pitty;
Their mayor and some few aldermen
Have cleane undone the city.

The 'prentices are gallant blades,
And to the king are clifty;
But the lord mayor and aldermen
Are scarce so wise as thrifty.
I'le pay for the apprentices,
They to the King were hearty;
For they have done all that they can
To advance their soveraignes party.
London, etc.

What's now become of your brave Poyntz?
And of your Generall Massey?*

* Poyntz and Massey were staunch Presbyterians, and their party counted on their assistance in opposing the army: but they withdrew, when the quarrel seemed to be near coming to extremities.

If you petition for a peace,
These gallants they will slash yee.
Where now are your reformadoes?
To Scotland gone together:
'Twere better they were fairly trusst
Then they should bring them thither.
London, etc.

But if your aldermen were false,
Or Glyn, that's your recorder! *
Let them never betray you more,
But hang them up in order.
All these men may be coach't as well
As any other sinner
Up Holborne, and ride forwarde still,
To Tyburne to their dinner.
London, &c.

God send the valiant General may
Restore the King to glory! †
Then that name I have honour'd so
Will famous be in story;
While if he doe not, I much feare
The ruine of the nation,
And (that I should be loth to see)
His house's desolation.
London, etc.

* Glynn was one of the eleven members impeached by the army.

† It was believed at this time that Fairfax was favourable to the restoration of the King.

THE LAWYERS' LAMENTATION FOR THE LOSS OF CHARING-CROSS.

From a Collection of Loyal Songs, 1640 to 1660.

UNDONE! undone! the lawyers cry,
They ramble up and down;
We know not the way to *Westminster*
Now *Charing-Cross* is down.
Now fare thee well, old Charing-Cross,
Then fare thee well, old stump;
It was a thing set up by a King,
And so pull'd down by the *Rump*.

And when they came to the bottom of the Strand
They were all at a loss:
This is not the way to *Westminster*,
We must go by *Charing-Cross*.
Then fare thee well, etc.

The Parliament did vote it down
As a thing they thought most fitting,
For fear it should fall, and so kill 'em all
In the House as they were sitting.
Then fare thee well, etc.

Some letters about this *Cross* were found,
Or else it might been freed;
But I dare say, and safely swear,
It could neither write nor read.
Then fare thee well, etc.

The *Whigs* they do affirm and say
To *Popery* it was bent;

For what I know it might be so,
For to church it never went.
Then fare thee well, etc.

This cursed *Rump-Rebellious Crew*,
They were so damn'd hard-hearted;
They pass'd a vote that *Charing-Cross*
Should be taken down and carted:
Then fare thee well, etc.

Now, *Whigs*, I would advise you all,
'Tis what I'd have you do;
For fear the King should come again,
Pray pull down *Tyburn* too.
Then fare thee well, etc.

THE DOWNFAL OF CHARING-CROSS

Charing-Cross, as it stood before the civil wars, was one of those beautiful Gothic obelisks, erected to conjugal affection by Edward I., who built such a one wherever the hearse of his beloved Eleanor rested in its way from Lincolnshire to Westminster. But neither its ornamental situation, the beauty of its structure, nor the noble design of its erection (which did honour to humanity), could preserve it from the merciless zeal of the times; for in 1647 it was demolished by order of the House of Commons, as Popish and superstitious. This occasioned the following not unhumorous sarcasm, which has been often printed among the popular sonnets of those times.

The plot referred to in ver. 3 was that entered into by Mr Waller the poet, and others, with a view to reduce the city and Tower to the service of the King; for which two of them, Nath. Tomkins and Richard Chaloner, suffered death, July 5, 1643. Vid. Ath. Ox. 11. 24.—*Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry.*

UNDONE! undone! the lawyers are,
They wander about the towne,
Nor can find the way to Westminster
Now Charing-Cross is downe:
At the end of the Strand they make a stand,
Swearing they are at a loss,
And chaffing say, that's not the way,
They must go by Charing-Cross.

The Parliament to vote it down
Conceived it very fitting,
For fear it should fall, and kill them all
In the House as they were sitting.
They were told god-wot, it had a plot,
Which made them so hard-hearted,
To give command it should not stand,
But be taken down and carted.

Men talk of plots, this might have been worse,
For anything I know,
Than that *Tomkins* and *Chaloner*
Were hang'd for long agoe.
Our Parliament did that prevent,
And wisely them defended,
For plots they will discover still
Before they were intended.

But neither man, woman, nor child
Will say, I'm confident,
They ever heard it speak one word
Against the Parliament.
An informer swore it letters bore,
Or else it had been freed;
In troth I'll take my Bible oath
It could neither write nor read.

The Committee said that verily
To Popery it was bent:
For ought I know, it might be so,
For to church it never went.
What with excise, and such device,
The kingdom doth begin
To think you'll leave them ne'er a cross
Without doors nor within.

Methinks the Common-council should
Of it have taken pity,
'Cause, good old cross, it always stood
So firmly to the city.
Since crosses you so much disdain,
Faith, if I were as you,
For fear the King should rule again
I'd pull down Tiburn too.

Whitlocke says, "May 3rd, 1643, Cheapside Cross and other crosses were voted down," &c. When this vote was put in execution does not appear; probably not till many months after Tomkins and Chaloner had suffered.

We had a very curious account of the pulling down of Cheapside Cross lately published in one of the Numbers of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1766.—*Percy's Reliques.*

THE LONG PARLIAMENT.

By John Cleveland.

Most gracious and omnipotent,
And everlasting Parliament,
Whose power and majesty

Are greater than all kings by odds;
And to account you less than gods
Must needs be blasphemy.

Moses and Aaron ne'er did do
More wonder than is wrought by you
For England's Israel;
But though the Red Sea we have past,
If you to Canaan bring's at last,
Is't not a miracle—?

In six years' space you have done more
Than all the parliaments before;
You have quite done the work.
The King, the Cavalier, and Pope,
You have o'erthrown, and next we hope
You will confound the Turk.

By you we have deliverance
From the design of Spain and France,
Ormond, Montrose, the Danes;
You, aided by our brethren Scots,
Defeated have malignant plots,
And brought your sword to Cain's.

What wholesome laws you have ordain'd,
Whereby our property's maintain'd,
'Gainst those would us undo;
So that our fortunes and our lives,
Nay, what is dearer, our own wives,
Are wholly kept by you.

Oh! what a flourishing Church and State
Have we enjoy'd e'er since you sate,
With a glorious King (God save him!):

Have you not made his Majesty,
Had he the grace but to comply,
And do as you would have him!

Your *Directory* how to pray
By the spirit shows the perfect way;
In zeal you have abolisht
The Dagon of the *Common Prayer*,
And next we see you will take care
That churches be demolisht.

A multitude in every trade
Of painful preachers you have made,
Learned by revelation;
Cambridge and Oxford made poor preachers,
Each shop affordeth better teachers,—
O blessed reformation!

Your godly wisdom hath found out
The true religion, without doubt;
For sure among so many
We have five hundred at the least;
Is not the gospel much increast?
All must be pure, if any.

Could you have done more piously
Than sell church lands the King to buy,
And stop the city's plaints?
Paying the Scots church-militant,
That the new gospel helpt to plant;
God knows they are poor saints!

Because th' Apostles' Creed is lame,
Th' Assembly doth a better frame,
Which saves us all with ease;

Provided still we have the grace
To believe th' House in the first place,
Our works be what they please.

'Tis strange your power and holiness
Can't the Irish devils dispossess,
His end is very stout:
But tho' you do so often pray,
And ev'ry month keep fasting-day,
You cannot cast them out.

THE PURITAN.

By John Cleveland.
To the tune of "An Old Courtier of the Queen's."

With face and fashion to be known,
For one of sure election;
With eyes all white, and many a groan,
With neck aside to draw in tone,
With harp in's nose, or he is none:
See a new teacher of the town,
Oh the town, oh the town's new teacher!

With pate cut shorter than the brow,
With little ruff starch'd, you know how,
With cloak like Paul, no cape I trow,
With surplice none; but lately now
With hands to thump, no knees to bow:
See a new teacher, etc.

With coz'ning cough, and hollow cheek,
To get new gatherings every week,
With paltry change of *and* to *eke*,
With some small Hebrew, and no Greek,
To find out words, when stuff's to seek:
See a new teacher, etc.

With shop-board breeding and intrusion,
With some outlandish institution,
With Ursine's catechism to muse on,
With system's method for confusion,
With grounds strong laid of mere illusion:
See a new teacher, etc.

With rites indifferent all damned,
And made unlawful, if commanded;
Good works of Popery down banded,
And moral laws from him estranged,
Except the sabbath still unchanged:
See a new teacher, etc.

With speech unthought, quick revelation,
With boldness in predestination,
With threats of absolute damnation
Yet *yea* and *nay* hath some salvation
For his own tribe, not every nation:
See a new teacher, etc.

With after license cast a crown,
When Bishop new had put him down;
With tricks call'd repetition,
And doctrine newly brought to town
Of teaching men to hang and drown:
See a new teacher, etc.

With flesh-provision to keep Lent,
With shelves of sweetmeats often spent,
Which new maid bought, old lady sent,
Though, to be saved, a poor present,
Yet legacies assure to event:
See a new teacher, etc.

With troops expecting him at th' door,
That would hear sermons, and no more;
With noting tools, and sighs great store,
With Bibles great to turn them o'er,
While he wrests places by the score:
See a new teacher, etc.

With running text, the named forsaken,
With *for* and *but*, both by sense shaken,
Cheap doctrines forced, wild uses taken,
Both sometimes one by mark mistaken;
With anything to any shapen:
See a new teacher, etc.

With new-wrought caps, against the canon,
For taking cold, tho' sure he have none;
A sermon's end, where he began one,
A new hour long, when's glass had run one,
New use, new points, new notes to stand on:
See a new teacher, etc.

THE ROUNDHEAD.

From Samuel Butler's Posthumous Works.

WHAT creature's that, with his short hairs,
His little band, and huge long ears,
That this new faith hath founded?
The saints themselves were never such,
The prelates ne'er ruled half so much;
Oh! such a rogue's a Roundhead.

What's he that doth the bishops hate,
And counts their calling reprobate,
'Cause by the Pope propounded;
And thinks a zealous cobbler better
Than learned Usher in ev'ry letter?
Oh! such a rogue's a Roundhead.

What's he that doth *high treason* say,
As often as his *yea* and *nay*,
And wish the King confounded;
And dares maintain that Mr Pim
Is fitter for a crown than him?
Oh! such a rogue's a Roundhead.

What's he that if he chance to hear
A little piece of *Common Prayer*,
Doth think his conscience wounded;
Will go five miles to preach and pray,
And meet a sister by the way?
Oh! such a rogue's a Roundhead.

What's he that met a holy sister
And in a haycock gently kiss'd her?
Oh! then his zeal abounded:

'Twas underneath a shady willow,
Her Bible served her for a pillow,
And there he got a Roundhead.

PRATTLE YOUR PLEASURE UNDER THE ROSE.

From the King's Pamphlets, British Museum.

THERE is an old proverb which all the world knows,
Anything may be spoke, if 't be under the rose:
Then now let us speak, whilst we are in the hint,
Of the state of the land, and th' enormities in 't.

Under the rose be it spoke, there is a number of knaves,
More than ever were known in a State before;
But I hope that their mischiefs have digg'd their own graves,
And we'll never trust knaves for their sakes any more.

Under the rose be it spoken, the city's an ass
So long to the public to let their gold run,
To keep the King out; but 'tis now come to pass,
I am sure they will lose, whosoever has won.

Under the rose be it spoken, there's a company of men,
Trainbands they are called—a plague confound 'em:—

And when they are waiting at Westminster Hall,
May their wives be beguiled and begat with child all!

Under the rose be it spoken, there's a damn'd committee
Sits in hell (Goldsmiths' Hall), in the midst of the city,
Only to sequester the poor Cavaliers—
The devil take their souls, and the hangman their ears.

Under the rose be it spoken, if you do not repent
Of that horrible sin, your pure Parliament,
Pray stay till Sir Thomas doth bring in the King,
Then Derrick * may chance have 'em all in a string.

Under the rose be it spoken, let the synod now leave
To wrest the whole Scripture, how souls to deceive;
For all they have spoken or taught will ne'er save 'em,
Unless they will leave that fault, hell's sure to have 'em!

* The "Jack Ketch" of the day.

THE DOMINION OF THE SWORD.

A song made in the Rebellion.

From the Loyal Garland, 1686.
To the tune of "Love lies a bleeding."

Lay by your pleading,
Law lies a bleeding;
Burn all your studies down, and
Throw away your reading.

Small pow'r the word has,
And can afford us
Not half so much privilege as
The sword does.

It fosters your masters,
It plaisters disasters,
It makes the servants quickly greater
Than their masters.

It venters, it enters,
It seeks and it centers,
It makes a 'prentice free in spite
Of his indentures.

It talks of small things,
But it sets up all things;
This masters money, though money
Masters all things.

It is not season
To talk of reason,
Nor call it loyalty, when the sword
Will have it treason.

It conquers the crown, too,
The grave and the gown, too,
First it sets up a presbyter, and
Then it pulls him down too.

This subtle disaster
Turns bonnet to beaver;
Down goes a bishop, sirs, and up
Starts a weaver.

This makes a layman
To preach and to pray, man;
And makes a lord of him that
Was but a drayman.

Far from the gulpit
Of Saxby's pulpit,
This brought an Hebrew ironmonger
To the pulpit.

Such pitiful things be
More happy than kings be;
They get the upper hand of Thimblebee
And Slingsbee.

No gospel can guide it,
No law can decide it,
In Church or State, till the sword
Has sanctified it.

Down goes your law-tricks,
Far from the matricks,
Sprung up holy Hewson's power,
And pull'd down St Patrick's.

This sword it prevails, too,
So highly in Wales, too,
Shenkin ap Powel swears
" Cots-splutterer nails, too."

In Scotland this faster
Did make such disaster,
That they sent their money back
For which they sold their master.

It batter'd their Gunkirk,
And so it did their Spainkirk,
That he is fled, and swears the devil
Is in Dunkirk.

He that can tower,
Or he that is lower,
Would be judged a fool to put
Away his power.

Take books and rent 'em,
Who can invent 'em,
When that the sword replies,
Negatur argumentum.

Your brave college-butlers
Must stoop to the sutlers;
There's ne'er a library
Like to the cutlers'.

The blood that was spilt, sir,
Hath gain'd all the gilt, sir;
Thus have you seen me run my
Sword up to the hilt, sir.

THE STATE'S NEW COIN.

The coinage issued during the Protectorate of Cromwell, consisted of pieces having on the obverse side a shield with St George's cross, encircled by a laurel and palm branch, and the words, "The Commonwealth of England." On the reverse side was the legend, "God with us," and two shields, bearing the arms of England and Ireland.

Saw you the State's money new come from the Mint?
Some people do say it is wonderous fine;
And that you may read a great mystery in 't,
Of mighty King Nol, the lord of the coin.

They have quite omitted his politic head,
His worshipful face, and his excellent nose;
But the better to show the life he had led,
They have fix'd upon it the print of his hose.

For, if they had set up his picture there,
They needs must ha' crown'd him in Charles's stead;
But 'twas cunningly done, that they did forbear,
And rather would set up aught else than his head.

'Tis monstrous strange, and yet it is true,
In this reformation we should have such luck;
That crosses were always disdain'd by you,
Who before pull'd them down, should now set them up.

On this side they have circumscribed "God with us,"
And in this stamp and coin they confide;

Common-Wealth on the other, by which we may guess
That God and the States were not both of a side.

On this side they have cross and harp,
And only a cross on the other set forth;
By which we may learn, it falls to our part
Two crosses to have for one fit of mirth!

THE ANARCHIE, OR THE BLEST REFORMATION SINCE 1640.

Being a new song, wherein the people expresse their thankes and pray for the reformers.

To be said or sung of all the well-affected of the kingdome of England, and dominion of Wales, before the breaking up of this unhappy Parliament.

[From the King's Pamphlets, British Museum. It is printed but incorrectly in the "Rump Songs," ed. 1665, under the title of "The Rebellion."]

To a rare new Tune.

(Oct. 24, 1648.)

Now that, thankes to the powers below!
We have e'ne done out our doe,
The mitre is downe, and so is the crowne,
And with them the coronet too;
Come clownes, and come boyes, come hober-de-hoyes,
Come females of each degree;

Stretch your throats, bring in your votes,
And make good the anarchy.
And "thus it shall goe," sayes Alice;
"Nay, thus it shall goe," sayes Amy;
"Nay, thus it shall goe," sayes Taffie, "I trow;"
"Nay, thus it shall goe," sayes Jamy.

Ah! but the truth, good people all,
The truth is such a thing;
For it wou'd undoe both Church and State too,
And cut the throat of our King.
Yet not the spirit, nor the new light,
Can make this point so cleare,
But thou must bring out, thou deified rout,
What thing this truth is, and where.
Speak Abraham, speak Kester, speak Judith, speak Hester,
Speak tag and rag, short coat and long;
Truth's the spell made us rebell,
And murther and plunder, ding-dong.
"Sure I have the truth," sayes Numph;
"Nay, I ha' the truth," sayes Clemme;
"Nay, I ha' the truth," sayes Reverend Ruth;
"Nay, I ha' the truth," sayes Nem.

Well, let the truth be where it will,
We're sure all else is ours;
Yet these divisions in our religions
May chance abate our powers.
Then let's agree on some one way,
It skills not much how true;
Take Pryn and his clubs; or Say and his tubs,*
Or any sect old or new;

* The copy in the "Rump Songs" has "Smee and his tub."

The devil's i' th' pack, if choyce you can lack,
We're fourscore religions strong;
Take your choyce, the major voyce
Shall carry it, right or wrong.
"Then wee'le be of this," sayes Megg;
"Nay, wee'le be of that," sayes Tibb;
"Nay, wee'le be of all," sayes pitifull Paul;
"Nay, wee'le be of none," sayes Gibb.

Neighbours and friends, pray one word more,
There's something yet behinde;
And wise though you be, you doe not well see
In which doore sits the winde.
As for religion to speake right,
And in the Houses sence,
The matter's all one to have any or none,
If 'twere not for the pretence.
But herein doth lurke the key of the worke,
Even to dispose of the crowne,
Dexteriously, and as may be,
For your behoofe and your owne.
"Then let's ha' King Charles," sayes George;
"Nay, let's have his son," sayes Hugh;
"Nay, let's have none," sayes Jabbering Jone;
"Nay, let's be all kings," sayes Prue.

Oh we shall have (if we go on
In plunder, excise, and blood)
But few folke and poore to domineere ore,
And that will not be so good;
Then let's resolve on some new way,
Some new and happy course,

The country's growne sad, the city horne-mad,
And both the Houses are worse.
The synod hath writ, the generall hath spit,
And both to like purposes too;
Religion, lawes, the truth, the cause,
Are talk't of, but nothing we doe.
"Come, come, shal's ha' peace?" sayes Nell;
"No, no, but we won't," sayes Madge;
"But I say we will," sayes firy-faced Phill;
"We will and we won't," sayes Hodge.

Thus from the rout who can expect
Ought but division?
Since unity doth with monarchy
Begin and end in one.
If then when all is thought their owne,
And lyes at their behest,
These popular pates reap nought but debates,
From that many round-headed beast;
Come, Royalists, then, doe you play the men,
And Cavaliers give the word;
Now let us see at what you would be,
And whether you can accord.
"A health to King Charles!" sayes Tom;
"Up with it," sayes Ralph, like a man;
"God blesse him," sayes Doll; "and raise him,"
sayes Moll;
"And send him his owne!" sayes Nan.

Now for these prudent things that sit
Without end and to none,
And their committees, that townes and cities
Fill with confusion;

For the bold troopes of sectaries,
The Scots and their partakers,
Our new British states, Col. Burges and his mates,
The covenant and its makers;
For all these wee'le pray, and in such a way,
As if it might granted be,
Jack and Gill, Mat and Will,
And all the world would agree.
"A plague take them all!" sayes Besse;
"And a pestilence too!" sayes Margery,
"The devill!" sayes Dick; "And his dam,* too!" sayes Nick;
"Amen! and Amen!" say I.

It is desired that the knights and burgesses would take especiall care to send down full numbers hereof to their respective counties and burroughs, for which they have served apprenticeship, that all the people may rejoyce as one man for their freedom.

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* The old proverbial expression of "the devil and his dam" was founded on an article of popular superstition which is now obsolete. In 1598, a Welshman, or borderer, writes to Lord Burghley for leave "to drive the devill and his dam" from the castle of Skenfrith, where they were said to watch over hidden treasure: "The voyce of the countrey goeth there is a dyvell and his dame, one sitts upon a hogshed of gold, the other upon a hogshed of silver." (Queen Elizabeth and her Times, ii. 397.) The expression is common in our earlier dramatic poets: thus Shakespeare,—

> ——— "I'll have a bout with thee;
> Devil, or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee:
> Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a witch."
> (Hen. V. Part I. Act I. sc. 5.)

T. W

A COFFIN FOR KING CHARLES, A CROWN FOR CROMWELL, AND A PIT FOR THE PEOPLE.

From a broadside in the King's Pamphlets, vol. viii. in the British Museum, with the direction, "You may sing this to the tune of 'Faine I would.'" The tune sometimes called "Parthenia," and "The King's Complaint," is to be found in Mr Chappell's Popular Music of the Olden Time. The King was beheaded in January, 1649. This Ballad is dated the 23rd of April in the same year.

CROMWELL ON THE THRONE.

So, so, the deed is done,
The royal head is sever'd,
As I meant when I first begun,
And strongly have endeavour'd.
Now Charles the First is tumbled down,
The Second I do not fear;
I grasp the sceptre, wear the crown,
Nor for Jehovah care.

KING CHARLES IN HIS COFFIN.

Think'st thou, base slave, though in my grave
Like other men I lie,
My sparkling fame and royal name
Can (as thou wishest) die?
Know, caitif, in my son I live
(The Black Prince call'd by some),
And he shall ample vengeance give
To those that did my doom.

THE PEOPLE IN THE PIT.

Supprest, deprest, involved in woes,
Great Charles, thy people be
Basely deceived with specious shows
By those that murther'd thee.
We are enslaved to tyrants' hests,
Who have our freedom won:
Our fainting hope now only rests
On thy succeeding son.

CROMWELL ON THE THRONE.

Base vulgar! know, the more you stir,
The more your woes increase,
Your rashness will your hopes deter,
'Tis we must give you peace.
Black Charles a traitor is proclaim'd
Unto our dignity;
He dies (if e'er by us he's gain'd)
Without all remedy.

KING CHARLES IN HIS COFFIN.

Thrice perjured villain! didst not thou
And thy degenerate train,
By mankind's Saviour's body vow
To me thy sovereign,
To make me the most glorious king
That e'er o'er England reign'd;
That me and mine in everything
By you should be maintain'd?

THE PEOPLE IN THE PIT.

Sweet prince! O let us pardon crave
  Of thy beloved shade;
'Tis we that brought thee to the grave,
  Thou wert by us betray'd.
We did believe 'twas reformation
  These monsters did desire;
Not knowing that thy degradation
  And death should be our hire.

CROMWELL ON THE THRONE.

Ye sick-brain'd fools! whose wit does lie
  In your small guts; could you
Imagine our conspiracy
  Did claim no other due,
But for to spend our dearest bloods
  To make rascallions flee?
No, we sought for your lives and goods,
  And for a monarchy.

KING CHARLES IN HIS COFFIN.

But there's a Thunderer above,
  Who, though he winks awhile,
Is not with your black deeds in love,
  He hates your damned guile.
And though a time you perch upon
  The top of Fortune's wheel,
You shortly unto Acharon
  (Drunk with your crimes) shall reel.

THE PEOPLE IN THE PIT.

Meanwhile (thou glory of the earth)
We languishing do die:
Excise doth give free-quarters birth,
While soldiers multiply.
Our lives we forfeit every day,
Our money cuts our throats;
The laws are taken clean away,
Or shrunk to traitor's votes.

CROMWELL ON THE THRONE.

Like patient mules resolve to bear
Whate'er we shall impose;
Your lives and goods you need not fear,
We'll prove your friends, not foes.
We (the *elected* ones) must guide
A thousand years this land;
You must be props unto our pride,
And slaves to our command.

KING CHARLES IN HIS COFFIN.

But you may fail of your fair hopes,
If fates propitious be;
And yield your loathed lives in ropes
To vengeance and to me.
When as the Swedes and Irish join,
The Cumbrian and the Scot
Do with the Danes and French combine,
Then look unto your lot.

THE PEOPLE IN THE PIT.

Our wrongs have arm'd us with such strength,
So sad is our condition,
That could we hope that now at length
We might find intermission,
And had but half we had before,
Ere these mechanics sway'd;
To our revenge, knee-deep in gore,
We would not fear to wade.

CROMWELL ON THE THRONE.

In vain (fond people) do you grutch
And tacitly repine.
For why? my skill and strength are such
Both poles of heaven are mine.
Your hands and purses both cohered
To raise us to this height:
You must protect those you have rear'd,
Or sink beneath their weight.

KING CHARLES IN HIS COFFIN.

Singing with angels near the throne
Of the Almighty Three
I sit, and know perdition
(Base Cromwell) waits on thee,
And on thy vile associates:
Twelve months* shall full conclude
Your power—thus speak the powerful fates,
Then *vades* your interlude.

* The prediction was not *quite* so speedily verified.

THE PEOPLE IN THE PIT.

Yea, powerful fates, haste, haste the time,
The most auspicious day,
On which these monsters of our time
To hell must post away.
Meanwhile, so pare their sharpen'd claws,
And so impair their stings,
We may no more fight for the Cause
Or other *novel* things!

A SHORT LITANY FOR THE YEAR 1649.

By Samuel Butler. (From his Posthumous Works.)

From all the mischiefs that I mention here,
Preserve us, Heaven, in this approaching year:
From civil wars and those uncivil things
That hate the race of all our queens and kings;
From those who for self-ends would all betray,
From saints that curse and flatter when they pray;
From those that hold it merit to rebel,
In treason, murthers, and in theft excel;
From those new teachers have destroy'd the old,
And those that turn the gospel into gold;
From a High-Court, and that rebellious crew
That did their hands in royal blood imbrue,—
Defend us, Heaven, and to the throne restore
The rightful heir, and we will ask no more.

THE SALE OF REBELLION'S HOUSEHOLD STUFF.

Printed in "Percy's Reliques," from an old black-letter copy in Mr Pepys' collection, corrected by two others, one of which is preserved in a Choice Collection of 120 Loyal Songs—1684

To the tune of "Old Sir Simon the King."

Rebellion hath broken up house,
And hath left me old lumber to sell;
Come hither and take your choice,
I'll promise to use you well.
Will you buy the old Speaker's chair?
Which was warm and easy to sit in,
And oft has been clean'd, I declare,
Whereas it was fouler than fitting.
Says old Simon the King,
Says old Simon the King,
With his ale-dropt hose, and his Malmsey nose,
Sing, hey ding, ding-a-ding, ding.

Will you buy any bacon flitches,
The fattest that ever were spent?
They're the sides of the old committees
Fed up in the Long Parliament.
Here's a pair of bellows and tongs,
And for a small matter I'll sell ye 'um,
They are made of the presbyter's lungs,
To blow up the coals of rebellion.
Says old Simon, etc.

I had thought to have given them once
To some blacksmith for his forge;
But now I have consider'd on't,
They are consecrate to the Church:
So I'll give them unto some quire,
They will make the big organs roar,
And the little pipes to squeak higher
Than ever they could before.
Says old Simon, etc.

Here's a couple of stools for sale,
One's square, and t'other is round;
Betwixt them both, the tail
Of the Rump fell down to the ground.
Will you buy the State's council-table,
Which was made of the good wain-Scot?
The frame was a tottering Babel,
To uphold th' Independent plot.
Says old Simon, etc.

Here's the besom of Reformation,
Which should have made clean the floor;
But it swept the wealth out of the nation,
And left us dirt good store.
Will you buy the state's spinning-wheel,
Which spun for the roper's trade?
But better it had stood still,
For now it has spun a fair thread.
Says old Simon, etc.

Here's a glyster-pipe well tried,
Which was made of a butcher's stump,
And has been safely applied
To cure the colds of the Rump.

Here's a lump of pilgrim's-salve,
Which once was a justice of peace,
Who Noll and the devil did serve,
But now it is come to this.
Says old Simon, etc.

Here's a roll of the State's tobacco,
If any good fellow will take it;
No Virginia had e'er such a Smack-o,
And I'll tell you how they did make it:
'Tis th' Engagement and Covenant cook't
Up with the abjuration oath,
And many of them that have took't
Complain it was foul in the mouth.
Says old Simon, etc.

Yet the ashes may happily serve
To cure the scab of the nation,
Whene'er 't has an itch to swerve
To rebellion by innovation.
A lanthorn here is to be bought,
The like was scarce ever gotten,
For many plots it has found out
Before they ever were thought on.
Says old Simon, etc.

Will you buy the Rump's great saddle,
With which it jockey'd the nation?
And here is the bit and the bridle,
And curb of dissimulation;
And here's the trunk-hose of the Rump,
And their fair dissembling cloak;

And a Presbyterian jump,
With an Independent smock.
Says old Simon, etc.

Will you buy a conscience oft turn'd,
Which served the High-Court of justice,
And stretch'd until England it mourn'd,
But hell will buy that if the worst is.
Here's Joan Cromwell's kitchen-stuff tub,
Wherein is the fat of the Rumpers,
With which old Noll's horns she did rub,
When he was got drunk with false bumbers.
Says old Simon, etc.

Here's the purse of the public faith;
Here's the model of the Sequestration,
When the old wives upon their good troth
Lent thimbles to ruin the nation.
Here's Dick Cromwell's Protectorship,
And here are Lambert's commissions,
And here is Hugh Peters his scrip,
Cramm'd with tumultuous petitions.
Says old Simon, etc.

And here are old Noll's brewing vessels,
And here are his dray and his flings;
Here are Hewson's* awl and his bristles,
With diverse other odd things:
And what is the price doth belong
To all these matters before ye?
I'll sell them all for an old song,
And so I do end my story.
Says old Simon, etc.

* Colonel Hewson, originally a shoemaker

THE CAVALIER'S FAREWELL TO HIS MISTRESS, BEING CALLED TO THE WARRS.

The following song was extracted from the MS. Diary of the Rev. John Adamson (afterwards Rector of Burton Coggles, Lincolnshire), commencing in 1658; by a correspondent of Notes and Queries, First Series, Jan. 18, 1851.

Fair Fidelia, tempt no more,
I may no more thy deity adore
Nor offer to thy shrine,
I serve one more divine
And farr more great than you:
I must goe,
Lest the foe
Gaine the cause and win the day.
Let's march bravely on,
Charge ym in the van,
Our cause God's is,
Though their odds is
Ten to one.

Tempt no more, I may not yeeld
Altho' thine eyes
A kingdome may surprize:
Leave off thy wanton toiles,
The high-borne Prince of Wales
Is mounted in the field,
Where the royall gentry flocke.
Though alone
Nobly borne
Of a ne're decaying stocke.

Cavaliers, be bold,
Bravely keep your hold,
He that loyters
Is by traytors
Bought and sold.

One kisse more, and then farewell;
Oh no, no more,
I prithee give me o'er,—
Why cloudest thou thy beames?
I see by these extreames
A woman's heaven or hell.
Pray the King may have his owne,
And the Queen
May be seen
With her babes on England's throne.
Rally up your men,
One shall vanquish ten,
Victory, we
Come to try thee
Once agen.

THE LAST NEWS FROM FRANCE.

[From vol. iii. of the Roxburgh Ballads, in the British Museum.]

The last news from France, being a true relation of the escape of the King of Scots from Worcester to London and from London to France,—who was conveyed away by a young gentleman in woman's apparel; the King of Scots attending on this supposed gentlewoman in manner of a serving-man.

Tune, "When the King enjoys his own again."

ALL you that do desire to know
What is become of the King o' Scots,
I unto you will truly show
After the fight of Northern Rats.
'Twas I did convey
His Highness away,
And from all dangers set him free;—
In woman attire,
As reason did require,
And the King himself did wait on me.

He of me a service did crave,
And oftentimes to me stood bare;
In woman's apparel he was most brave,
And on his chin he had no hare;
Wherever I came
My speeches did frame
So well my waiting-man to free,
The like was never known
I think by any one,
For the King himself did wait on me.

My waiting-man a jewel had,
Which I for want of money sold;
Because my fortune was so bad
We turn'd our jewel into gold.
A good shift indeed,
In time of our need,
Then glad was I and glad was he;
Our cause it did advance
Until we came to France,
And the King himself did wait on me.

We walked through Westminster Hall,
Where law and justice doth take place
Our grief was great, our comfort small,
We lookt grim death all in the face.
I lookt round about,
And made no other doubt
But I and my man should taken be;
The people little knew,
As I may tell to you,
The King himself did wait on me.

From thence we went to the fatal place
Where his father lost his life;
And then my man did weep apace,
And sorrow with him then was rife.
I bid him peace,
Let sorrow cease,
For fear that we should taken be.
The gallants in Whitehall
Did little know at all
That the King himself did wait on me.

The King he was my serving-man,
And thus the plot we did contrive:
I went by the name of Mistress Anne
When we took water at Queenhythe.
A boat there we took,
And London forsook,
And now in France arrived are we.
We got away by stealth,
And the King is in good health,
And he shall no longer wait on me.

The King of Denmark's dead, they say,
Then Charles is like to rule the land;

In France he will no longer stay,
As I do rightly understand.
That land is his due,
If they be but true,
And he with them do well agree:
I heard a bird sing
If he once be their king,
My man will then my master be.

Now Heaven grant them better success
With their young king than England had;
Free from war and from distress,
Their fortune may not be so bad;
Since the case thus stands,
Let neighbouring lands
Lay down their arms and at quiet be;
But as for my part,
I am glad with all my heart
That my King must now my master be.

And thus I have declared to you
By what means we escaped away;
Now we bid our cares adieu,
Though the King did lose the day.
To him I was true,
And that he well knew;
'Tis God that must his comfort be,
Else all our policy
Had been but foolery,
For the King no longer waits on me.

SONG TO THE FIGURE TWO.

From vol. ii. of the Roxburgh Ballads, in the British Museum.

A merry new song wherein you may view
The drinking healths of a joviall crew,
To t' happie return of the figure of two.

The figure of Two is a palpable allusion to Charles II. Tune, "Ragged, and torn, and trae."

I HAVE been a traveller long,
And seen the conditions of all;
I see how each other they wrong,
And the weakest still goes to the wall.
And here I'll begin to relate
The crosse condition of those
That hinder our happy fate,
And now are turned our foes.
Here's a health to the figure of Two,
To the rest of the issue renown'd;
We'll bid all our sorrows adieu,
When the figure of Two shall be crown'd.

I crossed the ocean of late,
And there I did meet with a crosse,
But having a pretty estate,
I never lamented my losse:
I never lamented my harmes,
And yet I was wondrous sad;
I found all the land up in arms,
And I thought all the folke had bin mad.
Here's a health, etc.

Kind countrymèn, how fell ye out?
I left you all quiet and still;
But things are now brought so about,
You nothing but plunder and kill;

Some doe seem seemingly holy,
  And would be reformers of men,
But wisdom doth laugh at their folly,
  And sayes they'll be children agen.
    Here's a health, etc.

But woe to the figure of One!
  King Solomon telleth us so;
But he shall be wronged by none
  That hath two strings to his bow.
How I love this figure of Two
  Among all the figures that be,
I'll make it appear unto you
  If that you will listen to me.
    Here's a health, etc.

Observe when the weather is cold
  I wear a cap on my head,
But wish, if I may be so bold,
  The figure of Two in my bed.
Two in my bed I do crave,
  And that is myself and my mate;
But pray do not think I would have
  Two large great hornes on my pate.
    Here's a health, etc.

Since Nature hath given two hands,
  But when they are foul I might scorn them;
Yet people thus much understands,
  Two fine white gloves will adorn them.
Two feet for to bear up my body,
  No more had the knight of the sun;
But people would think me a noddy
  If two shoes I would not put on.
    Here's a health, etc.

The figure of Two is a thing
That we cannot well live without,
No more than without a good king,
Though we be never so stout;
And thus we may well understand,
If ever our troubles should cease,
Two needful things in a land
Is a king and a justice of peace.
Here's a health, etc.

And now for to draw to an end,
I wish a good happy conclusion,
The State would so much stand our friend,
To end this unhappy confusion;
The which might be done in a trice,
In giving of Cæsar his due;
If we were so honest and wise
As to think of the figure of Two.
Here's a health, etc.

If any desire to know,
This riddle I now will unfold,
It is a man wrapped in woe,
Whose father is wrapped in mould:
So now to conclude my song,
I mention him so much the rather
Because he hath suffer'd some wrong,
And bears up the name of his father.
Here's a health, etc.

THE REFORMATION.

Written in the year 1652, by Samuel Butler. From his Posthumous Works.

TELL me not of Lords and laws,
Rules or reformation;
All that's done not worth two straws
To the welfare of the nation;
If men in power do rant it still,
And give no reason but their will
For all their domination;
Or if they do an act that's just,
'Tis not because they would, but must,
To gratify some party's lust.

All our expense of blood and purse
Has yet produced no profit;
Men are still as bad or worse,
And will whate'er comes of it.
We've shuffled out and shuffled in
The person, but retain the sin,
To make our game the surer;
Yet spight of all our pains and skill,
The knaves all in the pack are still,
And ever were, and ever will,
Though something now demurer.

And it can never be so,
Since knaves are still in fashion;
Men of souls so base and low,
Meer bigots of the nation;

Whose designs are power and wealth,
At which by rapine, power, and stealth,
Audaciously they vent're ye;
They lay their consciences aside,
And turn with every wind and tide,
Puff'd on by ignorance and pride,
And all to look like gentry.

Crimes are not punish'd 'cause they're crimes,
But cause they're low and little:
Mean men for mean faults in these times
Make satisfaction to a tittle;
While those in office and in power
Boldly the underlings devour,
Our cobweb laws can't hold 'em;
They sell for many a thousand crown
Things which were never yet their own,
And this is law and custom grown,
'Cause those do judge who sold 'em.

Brothers still with brothers brawl,
And for trifles sue 'em;
For two pronouns that spoil all
Contentious *meum* and *tuum*.
The wary lawyer buys and builds
While the client sells his fields
To sacrifice his fury;
And when he thinks t' obtain his right,
He's baffled off or beaten quite
By the judge's will, or lawyer's slight,
Or ignorance of the jury.

See the tradesman how he thrives
With perpetual trouble:
How he cheats and how he strives,
His estate t' enlarge and double;

Extort, oppress, grind, and encroach,
To be a squire and keep a coach,
And to be one o' th' quorum;
Who may with's brother-worships sit,
And judge without law, fear, or wit,
Poor petty thieves, that nothing get,
And yet are brought before 'em.

And his way to get all this
Is mere dissimulation;
No factious lecture does he miss,
And 'scape no schism that's in fashion:
But with short hair and shining shoes,
He with two pens and note-book goes,
And winks and writes at random;
Thence with short meal and tedious grace,
In a loud tone and public place,
Sings wisdom's hymns, that trot and pace
As if Goliah scann'd 'em.

But when Death begins his threats,
And his conscience struggles
To call to mind his former cheats,
Then at Heaven he turns and juggles:
And out of all's ill-gotten store
He gives a dribbling to the poor;
An hospital or school-house;
And the suborn'd priest for his hire
Quite frees him from th' infernal fire,
And places him in th' angel's quire:
Thus these Jack-puddings fool us!

All he gets by's pains i' th' close,
Is, that he dy'd worth so much;
Which he on's doubtful seed bestows,
That neither care nor know much:

Then fortune's favourite, his heir,
Bred base and ignorant and bare,
  Is blown up like a bubble:
Who wondering at's own sudden rise,
By pride, simplicity, and vice,
Falls to his sports, drink, drabs, and dice,
  And make all fly like stubble.

And the Church, the other twin,
  Whose mad zeal enraged us,
Is not purified a pin
  By all those broils in which th' engaged us:
We our wives turn'd out of doors,
And took in concubines and whores,
  To make an alteration;
Our pulpitors are proud and bold,
They their own wills and factions hold,
And sell salvation still for gold,
  And here's our *reformation!*

'Tis a madness then to make
  Thriving our employment,
And lucre love for lucre's sake,
  Since we've possession, not enjoyment:
Let the times run on their course,
For oppression makes them worse,
  We ne'er shall better find 'em;
Let grandees wealth and power engross,
And honour, too, while we sit close,
And laugh and take our plenteous dose
  Of sack, and never mind 'em.

UPON THE GENERAL PARDON PASSED BY THE RUMP.

From a broadside in the King's Pamphlets, British Museum. After Cromwell's victory at Worcester, he prevailed on the Parliament to pass a general, or quasi-general, amnesty for all political offences committed prior to that time.

Rejoice, rejoice, ye Cavaliers,
For here comes that dispels your fears;
A general pardon is now past,
What was long look'd for, comes at last.

It pardons all that are undone;
The Pope ne'er granted such a one:
So long, so large, so full, so free,
Oh what a glorious State have we!

Yet do not joy too much, my friends,
First see how well this pardon ends;
For though it hath a glorious face,
I fear there's in't but little grace.

'Tis said the mountains once brought forth,—
And what brought they? a mouse, in troth;
Our States have done the like, I doubt,
In this their pardon now set out.

We'll look it o'er, then, if you please,
And see wherein it brings us ease:
And first, it pardons words, I find,
Against our State—words are but wind.

Hath any pray'd for th' King of late,
And wish'd confusion to our State?
And call'd them rebels? He may come in
And plead this pardon for that sin.

Has any call'd King Charles that's dead
A martyr—he that lost his head?
And villains those that did the fact?
That man is pardon'd by this Act.

Hath any said our Parliament
I such a one as God ne'er sent?
Or hath he writ, and put in print,
That he believes the devil's in't?

Or hath he said there never were
Such tyrants anywhere as here?
Though this offence of his be high,
He's pardon'd for his blasphemy.

You see how large this pardon is,
It pardons all our *Mercuries*,*
And poets too, for you know they
Are poor, and have not aught to pay.

For where there's money to be got,
I find this pardon pardons not;
Malignants that were rich before,
Shall not be pardon'd till they're poor.

Hath any one been true to th' Crown,
And for that paid his money down,
By this new Act he shall be free,
And pardon'd for his loyalty.

Who have their lands confiscate quite,
For not compounding when they might;
If that they know not how to dig,
This pardon gives them leave to beg.

* Newspapers.

Before this Act came out in print,
We thought there had been comfort in't;
We drank some healths to the higher powers,
But now we've seen't they'd need drink ours.

For by this Act it is thought fit
That no man shall have benefit,
Unless he first engage to be
A rebel to eternity.

Thus, in this pardon it is clear
That nothing's here and nothing's there:
I think our States do mean to choke us
With this new Act of *hocus pocus*.

Well, since this Act's not worth a pin,
We'll pray our States to call it in,
For most men think it ought to be
Burnt by the hand of Gregory.

Then, to conclude, here's little joy
For those that pray *Vive le Roy!*
But since they'll not forget our crimes,
We'll keep our mirth till better times.

AN OLD SONG ON OLIVER'S COURT.

Written in the year 1654, by Samuel Butler.

He that would a new courtier be
And of the late coyn'd gentry;
A brother of the prick-eared crew,
Half a presbyter, half a Jew,

When he is dipp'd in Jordan's flood,
And wash'd his hands in royal blood,
  Let him to our court repair,
  Where all trades and religions are.

If he can devoutly pray,
Feast upon a fasting day,
Be longer blessing a warm bit
Than the cook was dressing it;
With covenants and oaths dispense,
Betray his lord for forty pence,
  Let him, etc.

If he be one of the eating tribe,
Both a Pharisee and a Scribe,
And hath learn'd the snivelling tone
Of a flux'd devotion;
Cursing from his sweating tub
The Cavaliers to Beelzebub,
  Let him, etc.

Who sickler than the city ruff,
Can change his brewer's coat to buff,
His dray-cart to a coach, the beast
Into Flanders mares at least;
Nay, hath the art to murder kings,
Like David, only with his slings,
  Let him, etc.

If he can invert the word,
Turning his ploughshare to a sword,
His cassock to a coat of mail;
'Gainst bishops and the clergy rail;

Convert Paul's church into the mews;
Make a new colonel of old shoes,
Let him, etc.

Who hath commission to convey
Both sexes to *Jamaica*,
There to beget new babes of grace
On wenches hotter than the place,
Who carry in their tails a fire
Will rather scorch than quench desire,
Let him, etc.

THE PARLIAMENT ROUTED,

OR

HERE'S A HOUSE TO BE LET.

I hope that England, after many jarres,
Shall be at peace, and give no way to warres:
O Lord, protect the generall, that he
May be the agent of our unitie.

Written upon the dissolution of the Long Parliament by Cromwell, on the 20th April, 1653, and extracted from the King's Pamphlets, British Museum. June 3rd, 1653.

To the tune of "Lucina, or, Merrily and Cherrily."

CHEARE up, kind countrymen, be not dismay'd,
True news I can tell ye concerning the nation;
Hot spirits are quench'd, the tempest is layd,
(And now we may hope for a good reformation).

The Parliament bold and the counsell of state
Doe wish them beyond sea, or else at Virginie;
For now all their orders are quite out of date,
Twelve Parliament men shall be sold for a peny.

Full twelve years and more these rooks they have sat,
To gull and to cozen all true-hearted people;
Our gold and our silver has made them so fat,
That they lookt more big and mighty than Paul's steeple.
The freedome of subject they much did pretend,
But since they bore sway we never had any;
For every member promoted self-end,
Twelve Parliament men are now sold for one peny.

Their acts and their orders which they have contrived,
Was still in conclusion to multiply riches:
The Common-wealth sweetly by these men have thrived,
As Lancashire did with the juncto of witches.*

* In the seventeenth century Lancashire enjoyed an unhappy pre-eminence in the annals of superstition, and it was regarded especially as a land of witches. This fame appears to have originated partly in the execution of a number of persons in 1612, who were pretended to have been associated together in the crime of witchcraft, and who held their unearthly meetings at the Malkin Tower, in the forest of Pendle. In 1613 was published an account of the trials, in a thick pamphlet, entitled "The Wonderful Discoverie of Witches in the Countie of Lancaster. With the Arraignment and Triall of nineteene notorious Witches, at the Assizes and general Goale Deliverie, holden in the Castle

Oh! our freedome was chain'd to the Egyptian yoak,
As it hath been felt and endured by many,
Still making religion their author and cloak,
Twelve Parliament men shall be sold for a peny.

Both citie and countrey are almost undone
By these caterpillars, which swarm'd in the nation;
Their imps and their goblins did up and downe run,
Excise-men, I meane, all knaves of a fashion:
For all the great treasure that dayly came in,
The souldier wants pay, 'tis well knowne by a many;
To cheat and to cozen they held it no sinne,
Twelve Parliament men shall be sold for a peny.

The land and the livings which these men have had,
'Twould make one admire what use they've made of it,
With plate and with jewels they have bin well clad,
The souldier fared hard whilst they got the profit.

of Lancaster, on Monday, the seventeenth of August last, 1612. Published and set forth by commandment of his Majesties Justices of Assize in the North Parts, by Thomas Potts, Esquier." "The famous History of the Lancashire Witches" continued to be popular as a chap-book, up to the beginning of the nineteenth century.—T. WRIGHT.

Our gold and our silver to Holland they sent,
But being found out, this is knowne by a many,
That no one would owne it for feare of a shent,
Twelve Parliament men are sold for a peny.

'Tis judged by most people that they were the cause
Of England and Holland, their warring together,*
Both friends and dear lovers to break civill lawes,
And in cruell manner to kill one another.
What cared they how many did lose their dear lives,
So they by the bargain did get people's money,
Sitting secure like bees in their hives?
But twelve Parliament men are now sold for a peny.

THE SECOND PART

To the same tune.

They voted, unvoted, as fancy did guide,
To passe away time, but increasing their treasure
(When Jack is on cock-horse hee'l galloping ride,
But falling at last, hee'l repent it at leisure).
The widow, the fatherlesse, gentry and poore,
The tradesman and citizen, with a great many,
Have suffer'd full dearly to heap up their store;
But twelve Parliament men shall be sold for a peny.

* An allusion to the Dutch War of 1651 and 1652.

These burdens and grievances England hath felt,
So long and so heavy, our hearts are e'en broken,
Our plate, gold and silver, to themselves they've dealt
(All this is too true, in good time be it spoken).
For a man to rise high and at last to fall low,
It is a discredit: this lot fals to many,
But 'tis no great matter these men to serve so,
Twelve Parliament men now are sold for a peny.

The generall* perceiving their lustfull desire
To covet more treasure, being puft with ambition,
By their acts and their orders to set all on fire,
Pretending religion to rout superstition:
He bravely commanded the souldiers to goe
In the Parliament-house, in defiance of any;
To which they consented, and now you doe know
That twelve Parliament men may be sold for a peny.

The souldiers undaunted laid hold on the mace,
And out of the chaire they removed the speaker:
The great ones was then in a pittifull case,
And Tavee cryd out, All her cold must forsake her.†
Thus they were routed, pluckt out by the eares,
The House was soone empty and rid of a many
Usurpers, that sate there this thirteen long yeares;
Twelve Parliament men may be sold for a peny.

* Oliver Cromwell.

† The Welsh were frequently the subject of satirical allusions during the civil wars and the Commonwealth.

To the Tower of London away they were sent,
As they have sent others by them captivated;
Oh what will become of this old Parliament
And all their compeers, that were royally stated.
What they have deserved I wish they may have,
And 'tis the desire I know of a many;
For us to have freedome, oh that will be brave!
But twelve Parliament men may be sold for a peny.

Let's pray for the generall and all his brave traine,
He may be an instrument for England's blessing,
Appointed in heaven to free us againe,—
For this is the way of our burdens redressing:
For England to be in glory once more,
It would satisfy, I know, a great many;
But ending I say, as I said before,
Twelve Parliament men now are sold for a peny.

A CHRISTMAS SONG WHEN THE RUMP WAS FIRST DISSOLVED.

From the King's Pamphlets, British Museum. The Rump Parliament, in an excess of Puritanic acerbity, had abolished the observance of Christmas, and forbidden the eating of puddings and pies, as savouring of Popery.

Tune—"I tell thee, Dick."

This Christmas time 'tis fit that we
Should feast, and sing, and merry be,
It is a time of mirth;

For never since the world began
More joyful news was brought to man
Than at our Saviour's birth.

But such have been these times of late,
That holidays are out of date,
And holiness to boot;
For they that do despise and scorn
To keep the day that Christ was born,
Want holiness no doubt.

That Parliament that took away
The observation of that day,
We know it was not free;
For if it had, such acts as those
Had ne'er been seen in verse or prose,
You may conclude with me.

'Twas that Assembly did maintain
'Twas law to kill their sovereign,
Who by that law must die;
Though God's anointed ones are such,
Which subjects should not dare to touch,
Much less to crucify.

'Twas that which turn'd our bishops out
Of house and home, both branch and root,
And gave no reason why;
And all our clergy did expel,
That would not do like that rebel—
This no man can deny.

It was that Parliament that took
Out of our churches our *Service book*,
A book without compare;

And made God's house (to all our griefs),
That house of prayer, a den of thiefs'
Both here and everywhere.

They had no head for many years,
Nor heart (I mean the House of Peers),
And yet it did not die;
Of these long since it was bereft,
And nothing but the tail was left,
You know as well as I.

And in this tail was a tongue,
Lenthal* I mean, whose fame hath rung
In country and in city;
Not for his worth or eloquence,
But for a rebel to his prince,
And neither wise nor witty.

This Speaker's words must needs be wind,
Since they proceeded from behind;
Besides, you may remember,
From thence no act could be discreet,
Nor could the sense o' the House be sweet
Where Atkins was a member.

This tale's now done, the Speaker's dumb,
Thanks to the trumpet and the drum;
And now I hope to see
A Parliament that will restore
All things that were undone before,
That we may Christians be.

* Speaker of the Long Parliament.

A FREE PARLIAMENT LITANY.

From the King's Pamphlets, British Museum.—(A. D. 1655.)
To the tune of "An Old Courtier of the Queen's."

More ballads!—here's a spick and span new supplication,
By order of a Committee for the Reformation,
To be read in all churches and chapels of this nation,
Upon pain of slavery and sequestration.
From fools and knaves in our Parliament free,
Libera nos, Domine.

From those that ha' more religion and less conscience than their fellows;
From a representative that's fearful and zealous;
From a starting jadish people that is troubled with the yellows,
And a priest that blows the coal (a crack in his bellows);
From fools and knaves, etc.

From shepherds that lead their flocks into the briars,
And then fleece 'em; from vow-breakers and kingtryers;
Of Church and Crown lands, from both sellers and buyers;
From the children of him that is the father of liars;
From fools and knaves, etc.

From the doctrine and discipline of *now and anon*,
Preserve us and our wives from John T. and Saint John,

Like master like man, every way but one,—
The master has a large conscience, and the man has none;
From fools and knaves, etc.

From major-generals, army officers, and that phanatique crew;
From the parboil'd pimp Scot, and from Goodface the Jew;
From old Mildmay, that in Cheapside mistook his queu,
And from him that won't pledge—Give the devil his due;
From fools and knaves, etc.

From long-winded speeches, and not a wise word;
From a gospel ministry settled by the sword;
From the act of a Rump, that stinks when 'tis stirr'd;
From a knight of the post, and a cobbling lord;
From fools and knaves, etc.

From all the rich people that ha' made us poor;
From a Speaker that creeps to the House by a back-door;
From that badger, Robinson (that limps and bites sore);
And that dog in a doublet, Arthur—that will do so no more;
From fools and knaves, etc.

From a certain sly knave with a beastly name;
From a Parliament that's wild, and a people that's tame;

From Skippon, Titchbourne, Ireton,—and another of the same;
From a dung-hill cock, and a hen of the game;
From fools and knaves, etc.

From all those that sat in the High Court of Justice;
From usurpers that style themselves the people's trustees;
From an old Rump, in which neither profit nor gust is,
And from the recovery of that which now in the dust is;
From fools and knaves, etc.

From a backsliding saint that pretend t' acquiesce;
From crossing of proverbs (let 'um hang that confess);
From a sniveling cause, in a pontificall dress,
And two lawyers, with the devil and his dam in a mess;
From fools and knaves, etc.

From those that trouble the waters to mend the fishing,
And fight the Lord's battles under the devil's commission,
Such as eat up the nation, whilst the government's a-dishing;
And from a people when it should be doing, stands wishing;
From fools and knaves, etc.

From an everlasting mock-parliament—and from *none;*
From Strafford's old friends—Harry, Jack, and John;
From our solicitor's wolf-law deliver our King's son;
And from the resurrection of the Rump that is dead and gone;
From fools and knaves, etc.

From foreign invasion and commotions at home;
From our present distraction, and from work to come;
From the same hand again Smectymnus, or the bum,
And from taking Geneva in our way to Rome;
From fools and knaves, etc.

From a hundred thousand pound tax to keep knaves by the score
(But it is well given to these that turn'd those out of door);
From undoing ourselves in plaistering old sores;
He that set them a-work, let him pay their scores;
From fools and knaves, etc.

From saints and tender consciences in buff;
From Mounson in a foam, and Haslerig in a huff;
From both men and women that think they never have enough;
And from a fool's head that looks through a chain and a duff;
From fools and knaves, etc.

From those that would divide the gen'ral and the city;
From Harry Martin's girl, that was neither sweet nor pretty;
From a faction that has neither brain nor pity;
From the mercy of a phanatique committee;
From fools and knaves, etc.

Preserve us, good Heaven, from entrusting those
That ha' much to get and little to lose;
That murther'd the father, and the son would depose
(Sure they can't be our friends that are their country's foes);
From fools and knaves, etc.

From Bradshaw's presumption, and from Hoyle's despairs;
From rotten members, blind guides, preaching aldermen, and false may'rs;
From long knives, long ears, long parliaments, and long pray'rs;
In mercy to this nation—Deliver us and our heirs;
From fools and knaves, etc.

THE MOCK SONG.

By T. J. With a reply by Alex. Brome.—(A. D. 1657.)

Hold, hold, quaff no more,
But restore
If you can what you've lost by your drinking:

Three kingdoms and crowns,
With their cities and towns,
While the King and his progeny's sinking.
The studs in your cheeks have obscured his star, boys,
Your drinking miscarriages in the late war, boys,
Have brought his prerogative now to the war, boys.

Throw, throw down the glass!
He's an ass
That extracts all his worth from Canary;
That valour will shrink
That's only good in drink;
'Twas the cup made the camp to miscarry.
You thought in the world there's no power could tame ye,
You tippled and whored till the foe overcame ye;
God's nigs and Ne'er stir, sirs, has vanquish'd God damn me.

Fly, fly from the coast,
Or you're lost,
And the water will run where the drink went;
From hence you must slink,
If you have no chink,
'Tis the course of the royal delinquent;
You love to see beer-bowls turn'd over the thumb well,
You like three fair gamesters, four dice, and a drum well,
But you'd as lief see the devil as Fairfax or Cromwell.

Drink, drink not the round,
You'll be drown'd
In the source of your sack and your sonnets;

Try once more your fate
For the King against the State,
And go barter your beavers for bonnets.
You see how they're charm'd by the King's enchanters,
And therefore pack hence to Virginia for planters,
For an act and two red-coats will rout all the ranters.

THE ANSWER.

By Alex. Brome.

Stay, stay, prate no more,
Lest thy brain, like thy purse, run the score,
Though thou strain'st it;
Those are traitors in grain
That of sack do complain,
And rail by its own power against it.
Those kingdoms and crowns which your poetry pities,
Are fall'n by the pride and hypocrisy of cities,
And not by those brains that love sack and good ditties;
The K. and his progeny had kept them from sinking,
Had they had no worse foes than the lads that love drinking,
We that tipple ha' no leisure for plotting or thinking.

He is an ass
That doth throw down himself with a glass

Of Canary;
He that's quiet will think
Much the better of drink,
'Cause the cups made the camp to miscarry.
You whore while we tipple, and there, my friend, you lie,
Your sports did determine in the month of July;
There's less fraud in plain damme than your sly by my truly;
'Tis sack makes our bloods both purer and warmer,
We need not your priest or the feminine charmer,
For a bowl of Canary's a whole suit of armour.

Hold, hold, not so fast,
Tipple on, for there is no such haste
To be going;
We drowning may fear,
But your end will be there
Where there is neither swimming nor rowing.
We were gamesters alike, and our stakes were both down, boys,
But Fortune did favour you, being her own, boys;
And who would not venture a cast for a crown, boys?
Since we wear the right colours, he the worst of our foes is
That goes to traduce, and fondly supposes
That Cromwell's an enemy to sack and red noses.

Then, then, quaff it round,
No deceit in a brimmer is found;
Here's no swearing:
Beer and ale makes you prate
Of the Church and the State,
Wanting other discourse worth the hearing.

This strumpet your muse is, to ballad or flatter,
Or rail, and your betters with froth to bespatter,
And your talk's all dismals and gunpowder matter;
But we, while old sack does divinely inspire us,
Are active to do what our rulers require us,
And attempt such exploits as the world shall admire us.

AS CLOSE AS A GOOSE.

By Samuel Butler.—(A. D. 1657.)

This ballad ridicules the tender of the Crown of England to Oliver Cromwell by Alderman Pack, M.P. for London.

As close as a goose
Sat the Parliament-house
To hatch the royal gull;
After much fiddle-faddle
The egg proved addle,
And Oliver came forth *Noll.*

Yet old Queen Madge,*
Though things do not fadge,
Will serve to be queen of a May-pole;
Two Princes of Wales,†
For Whitsun-ales,
And her grace, Maid Marion Claypole.‡

* Cromwell's wife.
† Cromwell's two sons, Richard and Henry.
‡ Cromwell's daughter.

In a robe of cow hide
Sat yeasty Pride,*
With his dagger and his sling;
He was the pertinenst peer
Of all that were there,
T' advise with such a king.

A great philosopher
Had a goose for his lover
That follow'd him day and night:
If it be a true story,
Or but an allegory,
It may be both ways right.

Strickland† and his son,
Both cast into one,
Were meant for a single baron;
But when they came to sit,
There was not wit
Enough in them both to serve for one.

Wherefore 'twas thought good
To add Honeywood,
But when they came to trial
Each one proved a fool,
Yet three knaves in the whole,
And that made up a *pair-royal.*

* Col. Pride, originally a brewer's drayman.
† Walter Strickland, M.P. for a Cornish borough.

THE PRISONERS.

Written when O. C. attempted to be King. By Alex. Brome.

Come, a brimmer (my bullies), drink whole ones or nothing,
Now healths have been voted down;
'Tis sack that can heat us, we care not for clothing,
A gallon's as warm as a gown;
'Cause the Parliament sees
Nor the former nor these
Could engage us to drink their health,
They may vote that we shall
Drink no healths at all,
Not to King nor to Commonwealth,
So that now we must venture to drink 'em by stealth.

But we've found out a way that's beyond all their thinking;
To keep up good fellowship still,
We'll drink their destruction that would destroy drinking,—
Let 'um vote *that* a health if they will.
Those men that did fight,
And did pray day and night
For the Parliament and its attendant,
Did make all that bustle
The King out to justle,
And bring in the Independent,
But now we all clearly see what was the end on't.

Now their idols thrown down with their sooterkin also,
About which they did make such a pother;
And tho' their contrivance did make one thing to fall so,
We have drank ourselves into another;
And now (my lads) we
May still Cavaliers be,
In spite of the Committee's frown;
We will drink and we'll sing,
And each health to our King
Shall be loyally drunk in the '*Crown*,'
Which shall be the standard in every town.

Their politick would-be's do but show themselves asses
That other men's calling invade;
We only converse with pots and with glasses,
Let the rulers alone with their trade;
The Lyon of the Tower
Their estates does devour,
Without showing law for't or reason;
Into prison we get
For the crime called debt,
Where our bodies and brains we do season,
And that is ne'er taken for murder or treason.

Where our ditties still be, Give's more drink, give's more drink, boys.
Let those that are frugal take care;
Our gaolers and we will live by our chink, boys,
While our creditors live by the air;
Here we live at our ease,
And get craft and grease,

'Till we've merrily spent all our store;
Then, as drink brought us in,
'Twill redeem us agen;
We got in because we were poor,
And swear ourselves out on the very same score.

THE PROTECTING BREWER.

This was apparently written as a parody on the Brewer, in Pills to purge Melancholy, 1682. The original was too complimentary to Oliver Cromwell, asserted by the Royalists to have been a brewer in early life, to suit the taste of the Cavaliers, and hence the alteration made in it. Such compliments as the following must have proceeded from a writer of the opposite party.

Some Christian kings began to quake,
And said With the brewer no quarrel we'll make,
We'll let him alone; as he brews let him bake;
Which nobody can deny.

He had a strong and a very stout heart,
And thought to be made an Emperor for't,
* * * * *
Which nobody can deny.

A BREWER may be a burgess grave,
And carry the matter so fine and so brave,
That he the better may play the knave;
Which nobody can deny.

A brewer may put on a Nabal face,
And march to the wars with such a grace
That he may get a captain's place;
Which nobody, etc.

A brewer may speak so wondrous well.
That he may rise (strange things to tell),
And so be made a colonel;
Which nobody, etc.

A brewer may make his foes to flee,
And rise his fortunes, so that he
Lieutenant-general may be;
Which nobody, etc.

A brewer may be all in all,
And raise his powers, both great and small,
That he may be a lord general;
Which nobody, etc.

A brewer may be like a fox in a cub,
And teach a lecture out of a tub,
And give the wicked world a rub;
Which nobody, etc.

A brewer, by's excise and rate,
Will promise his army he knows what,
And set upon the college-gate;
Which nobody, etc.

Methinks I hear one say to me,
Pray why may not a brewer be
Lord Chancellor o'the University?
Which nobody, etc.

A brewer may be as bold as Hector,
When as he had drank his cup o'Nectar,
And a brewer may be a Lord Protector;
Which nobody, etc.

Now here remains the strangest thing,
How this brewer about his liquor did bring
To be an emperor or a king;
Which nobody, etc.

A brewer may do what he will,
And rob the Church and State, to sell
His soul unto the devil in hell;
Which nobody, etc.

THE ARRAIGNMENT OF THE DEVIL FOR STEALING AWAY PRESIDENT BRADSHAW.

John Bradshaw, who had presided over the court of justice which condemned Charles I. to the scaffold, and who by his extreme republican principles had rendered himself obnoxious to Cromwell, began again to be distinguished in public affairs after the Protector's death, and was elected President of the Council of State. He did not live long to enjoy this honour, but died, according to some authorities, on the 31st October, 1659. Chalmers places his death on the 22nd of November in that year.

To the tune of "Well-a-day, well-a-day."

If you'll hear news that's ill,
Gentlemen, gentlemen,
Against the devil, I will
Be the relator;
Arraigned he must be,
For that feloniously,
'Thout due solemnity,
He took a traitor.

John Bradshaw was his name,
How it stinks! how it stinks!
Who'll make with blacker fame
Pilate unknown.

This worse than worse of things
Condemn'd the best of kings,
And, what more guilt yet brings,
Knew 'twas his own.

Virtue in Charles did seem
Eagerly, eagerly,
And villainy in him
To vye for glory.
Majesty so compleat
And impudence so great
Till that time never met:—
But to my story.

Accusers there will be,
Bitter ones, bitter ones,
More than one, two, or three,
All full of spight;
Hangman and tree so tall,
Bridge, tower, and city-wall,
Kite and crow, which were all
Robb'd of their right.

But judges none are fit,
Shame it is, shame it is,
That twice seven years did sit
To give hemp-string dome;
The friend they would befriend,
That he might in the end
To them like favour lend,
In his own kingdome.

Sword-men, it must be you,
Boldly to't, boldly to't,

Must give the divel his due;
Do it not faintly,
But as you raised by spell
Last Parliament from hell,
And it again did quell
Omnipotently.

The charge they wisely frame
(On with it, on with it)
In that yet unknown name
Of supream power;
While six weeks hence by vote
Shall be or it shall not,
When Monk's to London got*
In a good hour.

But twelve good men and true,
Caveliers, Caveliers,
He excepts against you;
Justice he fears.
From bar and pulpit hee
Craves such as do for fee
Serve all turns, for he'l be
Try'd by his peers.

Satan, y' are guilty found
By your peers, by your peers,
And must die above ground!
Look for no pity;
Some of our ministry,
Whose spir'ts with yours comply,

* Monk was with his troops in Scotland, but had declared himself an approver of the proceedings of the Parliament.

As Owen, Caryl, Nye,*
For death shall fit 'ee.

Dread judges, mine own limb
I but took, I but took,
I was forced without him
To use a crutch;
Some of the robe can tell
How to supply full well
His place here, but in hell
I had none such.

Divel, you are an asse,
Plain it is, plain it is,
And weakly plead the case;
Your wits are lost.
Some lawyers will outdo't,
When shortly they come to't;
Your craft, our gold to boot,
They have ingross'd.

Should all men take their right,
Well-a-day, well-a-day,
We were in a sad plight,
O' th' holy party!

* Dr John Owen, Joseph Caryl, and Philip Nye, were three of the most eminent divines of this eventful age. Caryl, who was a moderate Independent, was the author of the well-known "Commentary on Job." Dr Owen enjoyed the especial favour of Cromwell, who made him Dean of Christchurch, Oxford; in his youth he had shown an inclination to Presbyterianism, but early in the war he embraced the party of the Independents. He was a most prolific writer. Nye was also an eminent writer: previous to 1647 he had been a zealous Presbyterian, but on the rise of Cromwell's influence he joined the Independents, and was employed on several occasions by that party.—T. W.

Such practise hath a scent
Of kingly government,
Against it we are bent,
  Out of home char'ty.

But if I die, who am
  King of hell, King of hell,
You will not quench its flame,
  But find it worse:
Confused anarchy
Will a new torment be;
Ne'r did these kingdoms three
  Feel such a curse.

To our promotion, sir,
  There as here, there as here,
Through some confused stir
  Doth the high-road lie;
In hell we need not fear
Nor King nor Cavalier,
Who then shall dominere
  But we the godly?

Truth, then, sirs, which of old
  Was my shame, was my shame,
Shall now to yours be told:
  You caused his death;
The house being broken by
Yourselves (there's burglary),
Wrath enter'd forcibly,
  And stopt his breath.

Sir, as our president,
  Taught by you, taught by you,
'Gainst the King away went
  Most strange and new;

Charging him with the guilt
Of all the bloud we spilt,
With swords up to the hilt,
So we'le serve you.

For mercy then I call,
Good my lords, good my lords,
And traytors I'le leave all
Duly to end it;
Sir, sir, 'tis frivolous,
As well for you as us,
To beg for mercy thus,—
Our crimes transcend it.

You must die out of hand,
Satanas, Satanas:
This our decree shall stand
Without controll;
And we for you will pray,
Because the Scriptures say,
When some men curse you, they
Curse their own soul.

The fiend to Tiburn's gone,
There to die, there to die;
Black is the north, anon
Great storms will be;
Therefore together now
I leave him and th' gallow,—
So, newes-man, take 'em now,
Soon they'l take thee.

Finis, Fustis, Funis,

A NEW BALLAD TO AN OLD TUNE,— TOM OF BEDLAM.

January 17th, 1659.—From the King's Ballads, British Museum.

MAKE room for an honest red-coat
(And that you'll say's a wonder),
The gun and the blade
Are the tools, and his trade
Is, for *pay*, to *kill* and *plunder*.
Then away with the laws,
And the "Good old Cause;"
Ne'er talk of the Rump or the Charter;
'Tis the cash does the feat,
All the rest's but a cheat,
Without *that* there's no faith nor quarter.

'Tis the mark of our coin "*God with us*,"
And the grace of the Lord goes along with't.
When the *Georges* are flown
Then the Cause goes down,
For the Lord has departed from it.
Then away, etc.

For Rome, or for Geneva,
For the table or the altar,
This spawn of a vote,
He cares not a groat—
For the *pence* he's your dog in a halter.
Then away, etc.

Tho' the name of King or Bishop
To nostrils pure may be loathsome,
Yet many there are
That agree with the May'r,
That their lands are wondrous toothsome.
Then away, etc.

When our masters are poor we leave 'em,
'Tis the Golden Calf we bow to ;
We kill and we slay
Not for conscience, but pay ;
Give us *that*, we'll fight for you too.
Then away, etc.

'Twas *that* first turn'd the King out ;
The Lords next ; then the Commons :
'Twas that kept up Noll,
Till the Devil fetch'd his soul,
And then it set the *Rump* on's.
Then away, etc.

Drunken Dick was a lame Protector,
And Fleetwood a back-slider ;
These we served as the rest,
But the City's the beast
That will never cast her rider.
Then away, etc.

When the Mayor holds the stirrup,
And the Shrieves cry, God save your honours ;
Then 'tis but a jump
And up goes the Rump,
That will spur to the Devil upon us.
Then away, etc.

And now for fling at your thimbles,
Your bodkins, rings, and whistles;
In truck for your toys
We'll fit you with boys
('Tis the doctrine of Hugh's *Epistles*).
Then away, etc.

When your plate is gone, and your jewels,
You must be next entreated
To part with your bags,
And to strip you to rags,
And yet not think you're cheated.
Then away, etc.

The truth is, the town deserves it,
'Tis a brainless, heartless monster:
At a club they may bawl,
Or declare at their hall,
And yet at a push not one stir.
Then away, etc.

Sir Arthur vow'd he'll treat 'em
Far worse than the men of Chester;
He's bold now they're cow'd,
But he was nothing so loud
When he lay in the ditch at Lester.
Then away, etc.

The Lord has left John Lambert,
And the spirit, Feak's anointed;
But why, O Lord,
Hast thou sheath'd thy sword?
Lo! thy saints are disappointed.
Then away, etc.

Though Sir Henry be departed,
Sir John makes good the place now;
And to help out the work
Of the glorious Kirk,
Our brethren march apace too.
Then away, etc.

Whilst divines and statesmen wrangle,
Let the Rump-ridden nation bite on't;
There are none but we
That are sure to go free,
For the soldier's still in the right on't.
Then away, etc.

If our masters won't supply us
With money, food, and clothing,
Let the State look to't,
We'll find one that will do't,
Let him live—we will not damn.
Then away, etc.

SAINT GEORGE AND THE DRAGON, ANGLICE MERCURIUS POETICUS.

"The following ballad," says Mr Wright in the Political Ballads of the Commonwealth, published for the Percy Society, "was written on the occasion of the overthrow of the Rump by Monck. He arrived in London on the third of February, and professed himself a determined supporter of the party then uppermost. On the ninth and tenth he executed their orders against the city; but suddenly on the eleventh he joined the city and the Presbyterian party, and demanded the readmission

of the members who were secluded formerly from the Long Parliament. This measure put an end to the reign of the Rump, and immediately afterwards the Parliament dissolved itself, and a new one was called.—(February 28th, 1659.)"—All the notes to this Ballad are from the pen of Mr Wright.

To the tune of "The Old Courtier of the Queen's," etc.

NEWS! news! here's the occurrences and a new Mercurius,
A dialogue betwixt Haselrigg the baffled and Arthur the furious;
With Ireton's * readings upon legitimate and spurious,
Proving that a saint may be the son of a whore, for the satisfaction of the curious.
From a Rump insatiate as the sea,
Libera nos, Domine.

Here's the true reason of the citie's infatuation,
Ireton has made it drunk with the cup of abomination;
That is, the cup of the whore, after the Geneva Interpretation,
Which with the juyce of Titchburn's grapes † must needs cause intoxication.
From a Rump, etc.

* Col. John Ireton was the brother of the more celebrated Henry Ireton, and was an alderman of London. He appears to have been clerk of the Council of Officers at Wallingford House.

† Col. Robert Tichbourne was also an alderman, and had been Lord Mayor in 1658. He was an enthusiast in religion of the Independent party, and published several books, among which one was very celebrated, and is often referred to in the tracts of this period, entitled, "A Cluster of Canaan's Grapes. Being severall experimented truths received through private

Here's the Whipper whipt by a friend to George,
that whipp'd Jack,* that whipp'd the breech,
That whipp'd the nation as long as it could stand
over it—after which
It was itself re-jerk'd by the sage author of this
speech:
" Methinks a Rump should go as well with a Scotch
spur as with a switch."
From a Rump, etc.

This Rump hath many a rotten and unruly mem-
ber;
" Give the generall the oath!" cries one (but his
conscience being a little tender);

communion with God by his Spirit, grounded on Scripture, and presented to open view for publique edification." London, 4to, Feb. 16, 1649. In a satirical tract of the year 1660 he is made to say, "I made my mother, the city, drunk with the clusters which I brought from Canaan, and she in her drink made me a colonel." After the return of the secluded members to the House, and the triumph of the city and the Presbyterian party, Ireton and Tichbourne were committed to the Tower, charged with aiming at the overthrow of the liberties of the city, and other grave misdemeanours. There are in the British Museum two satirical tracts relating to their imprisonment: 1. "The Apology of Robert Tichborn and John Ireton. Being a serious Vindication of themselves and the Good old Cause, from the imputations cast upon them and it by the triumphing city and nation in this their day of desertion. Printed for everybody but the light-heeled apprentices and head-strong masters of this wincing city of London." (March 12, 1659-60.) 2. "Brethren in Iniquity: or, a Beardless Pair; held forth in a Dialogue betwixt Tichburn and Ireton, Prisoners in the Tower of London." 4to. (April 30, 1660.)

* George Monk and John Lambert.

"I'll abjure you with a pestilence!" quoth George,
"and make you remember
The 'leaventh of February* longer than the fifth
of November!"
From a Rump, etc.

With that, Monk leaves (in Rump assembled)
the three estates,
But oh! how the citizens hugg'd him for breaking
down their gates,
For tearing up their posts and chaynes, and for
clapping up their mates †
(When they saw that he brought them plasters
for their broken pates).
From a Rump, etc.

In truth this ruffle put the town in great disorder,
Some knaves (in office) smiled, expecting 'twould
go furder;
But at the last, "My life on't! George is no
Rumper," said the Recorder,
"For there never was either honest man or monk
of that order."
From a Rump, etc.

* The eleventh of February was the day on which Monck overthrew the Rump, by declaring for the admission of the secluded members.

† On the tenth of February Monk, by order of the Parliament, had entered the city in a hostile manner. "Mr Fage told me," says Pepys, "what Monck had done in the city, how he had pulled down the most parts of the gates and chains that he could break down, and that he was now gone back to Whitehall. The city look mighty blank, and cannot tell what in the world to do." The next day he turned from the Parliament, and took part with the city.

And so it proved; for, "Gentlemen," says the general, "I'll make you amends;
Our greeting was a little untoward, but we'll part friends;
A little time shall show you which way my design tends,
And that, besides the good of Church and State, I have no other ends."
From a Rump, etc.

His Excellence had no sooner pass'd this declaration and promise,
But in steps Secretary Scot, the Rump's man Thomas,
With Luke, their lame evangelist (the Devil keep 'um from us!)*
To shew Monk what precious members of Church and State the Bumm has.
From a Rump, etc.

And now comes the supplication of the members under the rod:
"Nay, my Lord!" cryes the brewer's clerk; "good, my Lord, for the love of God!
Consider yourself, us, and this poor nation, and that tyrant abroad;
Don't leave us:"—but George gave him a shrugg instead of a nodd.
From a Rump, etc.

* Thomas Scot and Luke Robinson were sent by the Parliament to expostulate with Monk, but without effect.

This mortal silence was followed with a most
hideous noyse,
Of free Parliament bells and Rump-confounding
boyes,
Crying, "Cut the rogues! singe their tayles!"
when, with a low voyce,
"Fire and sword! by this light," cryes Tom,
"Lets look to our toyes!"
From a Rump, etc.

Never were wretched members in so sad a plight;
Some were broyl'd, some toasted, others burnt out-
right;*
Nay against Rumps so pittylesse was their rage
and spite,
That not a citizen would kisse his wife that night.
From a Rump, etc.

* Pepys gives the following description of the rejoicings in the city on the evening of the eleventh of February:—"In Cheapside there were a great many bonfires, and Bow bells and all the bells in all the churches as we went home were a-ringing. Hence we went homewards, it being about ten at night. But the common joy that was everywhere to be seen! The number of bonfires! there being fourteen between St Dunstan's and Temple Bar, and at Strand Bridge I could at one time tell thirty-one fires. In King-street seven or eight; and all along burning, and roasting, and drinking for Rumps, there being rumps tied upon sticks and carried up and down. The butchers at the May Pole in the Strand rang a peal with their knives when they were going to sacrifice their rump. On Ludgate Hill there was one turning of a spit that had a rump tied upon it, and another basting of it. Indeed it was past imagination, both the greatness and the suddenness of it. At one end of the street you would think there was a whole lane of fire, and so hot that we were fain to keep on the further side."

By this time death and hell appear'd in the ghastly looks
Of Scot and Robinson (those legislative rooks);
And it must needs put the Rump most damnably off the hooks
To see that when God has sent meat the Devil should send cooks.
From a Rump, etc.

But Providence, their old friend, brought these saints off at last,
And through the pikes and the flames undismember'd they past,
Although (God wot) with many struglings and much hast,—
For, members, or no members, was but a measuring cast.
From a Rump, etc.

Being come to Whitehall, there's the dismal mone,
"Let Monk be damn'd!" cries Arthur in a terrible tone*—
"That traytor, and those cuckoldy rogues that set him on!"
(But tho' the knight spits blood, 'tis observed that he draws none.)
From a Rump, etc.

* In a satirical tract, entitled "Free Parliament Quæries," 4to, April 10, 1660, it is inquired "Whether Sir Arthur did not act the Raging Turk in Westminster Hall, when he saw the admission of the secluded members?" Pepys gives the following account of the reception of Monck's letter from the city on the 11th of February:—"So I went up to the lobby, where I saw the Speaker reading of the letter; and after it was

"The plague bawle you!" cries Harry Martin,
"you have brought us to this condition,*
You must be canting and be plagued, with your
Barebones petition,†
And take in that bull-headed, splay-footed mem-
ber of the circumcision,
That bacon-faced Jew, Corbet,‡ that son of perdi-
tion!"
From a Rump, etc.

read Sir A. Haselrigge came out very angry, and Billing, standing by the door, took him by the arm and cried, 'Thou man, will thy beast carry thee no longer? thou must fall!'"

* Haselrigge was accused of having been a dupe to Monck's cunning intrigues.

† The celebrated Praise-God Barebone, at the head of a body of fanatics, had (February 9th) presented a strong petition to the House in support of the Good old Cause, which gave great offence to the Presbyterian party and the citizens, although it was received with thanks. According to Pepys, one of Monck's complaints against the Parliament was, "That the late petition of the fanatique people presented by Barebone, for the imposing of an oath upon all sorts of people, was received by the House with thanks." The citizens did not omit to show their hostility against the presenter of the petition. On the 12th, Pepys says, "Charles Glascocke... told me the boys had last night broke Barebone's windows." And again, on the 22nd, "I observed this day how abominably Barebone's windows are broke again last night."

‡ Miles Corbet, as well as Tichbourn, had sat upon the King in judgment. In a satirical tract, published about the same time as the present ballad, Tichbourn is made to say, "They say I am as notorious as Miles Corbet the Jew." In another, entitled "The Private Debates, etc., of the Rump," 4to, April 2, 1660, we read, "Call in the Jews, cryes Corbet, there is a certain sympathy (quoth he), methinks, between them and me.

Then in steps driv'ling Mounson to take up the squabble,
That lord which first taught the use of the woodden dagger and ladle: *
He that out-does Jack Pudding† at a custard or a caudle,
And were the best foole in Europe but that he wants a bauble.
From a Rump, etc.

Those wandering pedlers and I were doubtless made of the same mould; they have all such blote-herring faces as myself, and the devil himself is in 'um for cruelty." He was one of those who fled on the Restoration, but he was afterwards taken treacherously in Holland, and, being brought to London, was executed as a regicide. In another satirical tract, entitled "A Continuation of the Acts and Monuments of our late Parliament" (Dec. 1659), it is stated that, "July 1, This very day the House made two serjeants-at-law, William Steele and Miles Corbet, and that was work enough for one day." And, in a fourth, "Resolved, That Miles Corbet and Robert Goodwin be freed from the trouble of the Chief Register Office in Chancery." *Mercurius Honestus*, No. 1. (March 21, 1659-60.)

* William Lord Monson, Viscount Castlemaine, was member for Ryegate in the Long Parliament. He was degraded from his honours at the Restoration, and was condemned to be drawn on a sledge with a rope round his neck from the Tower to Tyburn, and back again, and to be imprisoned there for life. It appears, by the satirical tracts of the day, that he was chiefly famous for being beaten by his wife. In one, entitled "Your Servant, Gentlemen," 4to, 1659, it is asked, "Whether that member who lives nearest the church ought not to ride Skimmington next time my Lady Mounson cudgels her husband?" And in another ("The Rump Despairing," 4to, London, March 26, 1660) we find the following passage:—"To my Lord Monson. A sceptre is one thing, and a ladle is another, and though his wife can tell how to use one, yet he is not fit to hold the other."

† Pudding John, or Jack Pudding, was a proverbial expres-

More was said to little purpose,—the next news
is, a declaration
From the Rump, for a free state according to the
covenant of the nation,
And a free Parliament under oath and qualifica-
tion,
Where none shall be elect but members of repro-
bation.
From a Rump, &c.

Here's the tail firk'd, a piece acted lately with
great applause,
With a plea for the prerogative breech and the
Good old Cause,
Proving that Rumps and members are antienter
than laws,
And that a bumme divided is never the worse for
the flawes.
From a Rump, etc.

But all things have their period and fate,
An Act of Parliament dissolves a Rump of state,
Members grow weak, and tayles themselves run
out of date,
And yet thou shalt not dye (dear breech), thy fame
I'll celebrate.
From a Rump, etc.

sion of the times for a Merry Andrew. In an old English-German Dictionary it is explained thus:—"*Jack-Pudding*, un buffon de théatre, deliciæ populi, ein Hanswurst, Pickelhering." The term was applied as a soubriquet to any man who played the fool to serve another person's ends. "And first Sir Thomas Wrothe (*Jack Pudding* to Prideaux the post-master) had his cue to go high, and feele the pulse of the hous." History of Independency, p. 69 (4to, 1648).

Here lies a pack of saints that did their souls and
country sell
For dirt, the Devil was their good lord, him they
served well;
By his advice they stood and acted, and by his
president they fell
(Like Lucifer), making but one step betwixt
heaven and hell.
From a Rump insatiate as the sea
Liberasti nos, Domine.

THE SECOND PART OF ST GEORGE FOR ENGLAND.

To the tune of "To drive the cold winter away."
(March 7, 1659.)

Now the Rump is confounded
There's an end of the Roundhead,
Who hath been such a bane to our nation;
He hath now play'd his part,
And's gone out like a f——,
Together with his reformation;
For by his good favour
He hath left a bad savour;
But's no matter, we'll trust him no more.
Kings and queens may appear
Once again in our sphere,
Now the knaves are turn'd out of door,
And drive the cold winter away.

Scot, Nevil, and Vane,
With the rest of that train,
Are into Oceana* fled;
Sir Arthur the brave,
That's as arrant a knave,
Has Harrington's Rota in's head;†
But hee's now full of cares
For his foals and his mares,
As when he was routed before;
But I think he despairs,
By his arms or his prayers,
To set up the Rump any more,
And drive the cold winter away.

I should never have thought
That a monk could have wrought
Such a reformation so soon;
That House which of late
Was the jakes of our state
Will ere long be a house of renown.
How good wits did jump
In abusing the Rump,
Whilst the House was prest by the rabble;

* An allusion to James Harrington's "Oceana."

† James Harrington, a remarkable political writer of this time, had founded a club called the Rota, in 1659, for the debating of political questions. This club met at Miles's Coffee-house, in Old Palace Yard, and lasted a few months. At the beginning of the present year was published the result of their deliberations, under the title of "The Rota: or, a Model of a Free State, or Equall Commonwealth; once proposed and debated in brief, and to be again more at large proposed to, and debated by, a free and open Society of ingenious Gentlemen.' 4to, London, 1660 (Jan. 9).

But our Hercules, Monk,
Though it grievously stunk,
Now hath cleansed that Augean stable,
And drive the cold winter away.

And now Mr Prynne *
With the rest may come in,
And take their places again;
For the House is made sweet
For those members to meet,
Though part of the Rump yet remain;
Nor need they to fear,
Though his breeches be there,
Which were wrong'd both behind and before:
For he saith 'twas a chance,
And forgive him this once,
And he swears he will do so no more,
And drive the cold winter away.

'Tis true there are some
Who are still for the Bum;
Such tares will grow up with the wheat;
And there they will be, till a Parliament come
That can give them a total defeat.
But yet I am told
That the Rumpers do hold
That the saints may swim with the tyde;

* William Prynne, the lawyer, who had been so active a member of the Long Parliament when the Presbyterians were in power, was one of the secluded members. He returned to the House on the 21st of January, this year. Pepys says, "Mr Prin came with an old basket-hilt sword on, and had a great many shouts upon his going into the hall."

Nor can it be treason,
But Scripture and reason,
Still to close with the stronger side,
And drive the cold winter away.

Those lawyers o' th' House—
As Baron Wild-goose,*
With Treason Hill, Whitlock, and Say—
Were the bane of our laws
And our Good old Cause,
And 'twere well if such were away.
Some more there are to blame,
Whom I care not to name,
That are men of the very same ranks;
'Mongst whom there is one,
That to Devil Barebone
For his ugly petition gave thanks,
And drive the cold winter away.

But I hope by this time
He'll confess 'twas a crime
To abet such a damnable crew;

* John Wilde was one of the members for Worcestershire in the Long Parliament. In Cromwell's last Parliament he represented Droitwich, and was made by the Protector "Lord Chief Baron of the publick Exchequer." In a satirical pamphlet, contemporary with the present ballad, he is spoken of as "Sarjeant Wilde, best known by the name of the Wilde Serjeant." Another old song describes his personal appearance:

"But, Baron Wild, come out here,
Show your ferret face and snout here,
For you, being both a fool and a knave,
Are a monster in the rout here."
Loyal Songs, II. 55.

Whose petition was drawn
By Alcoran Vane,
Or else by Corbet the Jew.*
By it you may know
What the Rump meant to do,
And what a religion to frame;
So 'twas time for St George
That Rump to disgorge,
And to send it from whence it first came;
Then drive the cold winter away.

A NEW-YEAR'S GIFT FOR THE RUMP.

(January 5th, 1659-60.)—From a broadside, vol. xv. in the King's Pamphlets.

"The condition of the State was thus: viz. the Rump, after being disturbed by my Lord Lambert, was lately returned to sit again. The officers of the army all forced to yield. Lawson lies still in the river, and Monk is with his army in Scotland. Only my Lord Lambert is not yet come in to the Parliament, nor is it expected that he will without being forced to it. The new Common Council of the city do speak very high; and had sent to Monk their sword-bearer to acquaint him with their desires for a free and full Parliament, which is at present the desires, and the hopes, and the expectations of all. Twenty-two of the old secluded members having been at the House-door the last week to demand entrance, but it was denied them; and it is believed that neither they nor the people will be satisfied till the House be filled." Pepys' Diary, January, 1660.

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* See before, p. 140.

You may have heard of the politique snout,
Or a tale of a tub with the bottom out,
But scarce of a Parliament in a dirty clout,
Which no body can deny.

'Twas Atkins * first served this Rump in with mustard—
The sauce was a compound of courage and custard;
Sir Vane bless'd the creature, Noll snuffled and bluster'd,
Which no body can deny.

The right was as then in old Oliver's nose;
But when the Devil of that did dispose,
It descended from thence to the Rump in the close,
Which no body can deny.

Nor is it likely there to stay long,
The retentive faculties being gone,
The juggle is stale, and money there's none,
Which no body can deny.

The secluded members made a trial
To enter, but them the Rump did defy all
By the ordinance of self-denial,
Which no body can deny.

Our politique doctors do us teach
That a blood-sucking red-coat's as good as a leech
To relieve the head, if applied to the breech,
Which no body can deny.

But never was such a worm as Vane;
When the State scour'd last, it voided him then,
Yet now he's crept into the Rump again,
Which no body can deny.

* Alderman Atkins.

Ludlow's f—— was a prophetique trump *
(There never was anything so jump),
'Twas the very type of a vote of this Rump,
Which no body can deny.

They say 'tis good luck when a body rises
With the rump upward, but he that advises
To live in that posture is none of the wisest,
Which no body can deny.

The reason is worse, though the rime be untoward,
When things proceed with the wrong end forward;
But they say there's sad news to the Rump from the Nor'ward;†
Which no body can deny.

'Tis a wonderfull thing, the strength of that part;
At a blast it will take you a team from a cart,
And blow a man's head away with a f——,
Which no body can deny.

When our brains are sunck below the middle,
And our consciences steer'd by the hey-down-diddle,
Then things will go round without a fiddle,
Which no body can deny.

* Ludlow was well known as a staunch Republican. The incident alluded to was a subject of much merriment, and exercised the pen of some of the choicest poets of the latter half of the seventeenth century.—T. W.

† Lambert, with his army, was in the North, and amid the contradictory intelligence which daily came in, we find some people who, according to Pepys, spread reports that Lambert was gaining strength.—T. W.

You may order the city with hand-granado,
Or the generall with a bastonado,—
But no way for a Rump like a carbonado,
Which no body can deny.

To make us as famous in council as wars,
Here's Lenthal a speaker for mine——
And Fleetwood is a man of Mars,
Which no body can deny.

'Tis pitty that Nedham's* fall'n into disgrace,
For he orders a bum with a marvellous grace,
And ought to attend the Rump by his place,
Which no body can deny.

Yet this in spight of all disasters,
Although he hath broken the heads of his masters,
'Tis still his profession to give 'em all plasters,
Which no body can deny.

The Rump's an old story, if well understood;
'Tis a thing dress'd up in a Parliament's hood,
And like 't, but the tayl stands where the head should,
Which no body can deny.

'Twould make a man scratch where it does not itch,
To see forty fools' heads in one politique breech,
And that, hugging the nation, as the devil did the witch;
Which no body can deny.

* Marchamont Nedham.

From rotten members preserve our wives!
From the mercy of a Rump, our estates and our lives!
For they must needs go whom the Devil drives,
Which no body can deny.

A PROPER NEW BALLAD ON THE OLD PARLIAMENT;

OR,

THE SECOND PART OF KNAVE OUT OF DOORS.

To the tune of

"Hei ho, my honey, my heart shall never rue,
Four-and-twenty now for your mony, and yet a hard penny-worth too."

(Dec. 11th, 1659.)—From the King's Pamphlets, British Museum.

"The events which gave occasion to the following ballad," says Mr T. Wright in his Political Ballads, published for the Percy Society, "may be summed up in a few words. After the death of Cromwell, his son Richard was without opposition raised to the Protectorate; but his weak and easy character gave an opening to the intrigues of the Royalists and the factious movement of the Republican party. Fleetwood, who had been named commander-in-chief of the army under the Protector, plotted to gain the chief power in the State, and was joined by Lambert, Desborough, and others. The Republicans were strengthened by the return of Vane, Ludlow, and Bradshaw, to the Parliament called by the new Protector. Lambert, the Protector's brother-in-law, was the ostensible head of a party, and seems to have aimed at obtaining the power which had been held by Oliver. They formed a council of officers, who met at Wallingford House; and on the 20th April, 1659, having

gained the upper hand, and having obtained the dissolution of the Parliament, they determined to restore the old Long Parliament, which they said had only been interrupted, and not legally dissolved, and to set aside the Protector, who soon afterwards resigned. On the 21st April, Lenthall, the old Speaker, with as many members of the Long Parliament as could be brought together, met in the House, and opened their session. The Parliament thus formed, as being the fag-end of the old Long Parliament, obtained the name of the Rump Parliament. Lambert's hopes and aims were raised by his success against Sir George Booth in the August following, and jealousies soon arose between his party in the army and the Rump. The Parliament would have dismissed him, and the chief officers in the cabal with him, but Lambert with the army in October hindered their free meeting, and took the management of the government into the hands of a council of officers, whom they called the Committee of Safety. Towards the latter end of the year, the tide began to be changed in favour of the Parliament, by the declaration of Monk in Scotland, Henry Cromwell with the army in Ireland, and Hazelrigge and the officers at Portsmouth, in favour of the freedom of the Parliament. This ballad was written at the period when Lambert's party was uppermost."

The tune of "Hei ho, my honey," may be found in Playford's edition of "The English Dancing Master," printed in 1686, but in no earlier edition of the same work.

GOOD-MORROW, my neighbours all, what news is this I heard tell
As I past through Westminster-hall by the House that's near to hell?
They told John Lambert* was there with his bears, and deeply he swore
(As Cromwell had done before) those vermin should sit there no more.

* Lambert and "his bears" are frequently mentioned in the satirical writings of this period. Cromwell is said to have sworn "by the living God," when he dissolved the Long Parliament.—T. W.

Sing hi ho, Wil. Lenthall,* who shall our general be?
For the House to the Devil is sent all, and follow, good faith, mun ye!
Sing hi ho, my honey, my heart shall never rue,
Here's all pickt ware for the money, and yet a hard pennyworth too.

Then, Muse, strike up a sonnet, come, piper, and play us a spring,
For now I think upon it, these R's turn'd out their King;
But now is come about, that once again they must turn out,
And not without justice and reason, that every one home to his prison.
Sing hi ho, Harry Martin,† a burgess of the bench,
There's nothing here is certain, you must back and leave your wench.
Sing, hi ho, etc.

He there with the buffle head is called lord and of the same House,
Who (as I have heard it said) was chastised by his ladye spouse;

* Speaker of the Long Parliament.

† Harry Marten, member for Berkshire, a man of equivocal private character. In the heat of the civil wars he had been committed to the Tower for a short time by the Parliament, for speaking too openly against the person of the King. When he attempted to speak against the violent dissolution of the Long Parliament by Cromwell, the latter reproached him with the licentiousness of his life.—T. W.

Because he ran at sheep, she and her maid gave
him the whip,
And beat his head so addle, you'd think he had a
knock in the cradle.
Sing hi ho, Lord Munson,* you ha' got a park
of the King's;
One day you'l hang like a hounson, for this
and other things.
Sing hi, ho, etc.

It was by their master's orders at first together
they met,
Whom piously they did murder, and since by
their own they did set.
The cause of this disaster is 'cause they were
false to their master;
Nor can they their gens-d'armes blame for serving
them the same.
Sing hi ho, Sir Arthur,† no more in the House
you shall prate;
For all you kept such a quarter,‡ you are out
of the councell of state.
Sing hi ho, etc.

Old Noll once gave them a purge (forgetting *Occidisti*),
(The furies be his scourge!) so of the cure must he;

* William Lord Monson, Viscount Castlemaine, was member for Ryegate. He was degraded from his honours at the Restoration, and was condemned to be drawn on a sledge with a rope round his neck from the Tower to Tyburn, and back again, and to be imprisoned there for life. It appears, by the satirical tracts of the day, that he was chiefly famous for being beaten by his wife.—T. W.

† Sir Arthur Haselrigge, member for Leicestershire.

‡ Noise or disturbance.

And yet the drug he well knew it, for he gave it
to Dr Huit ;*
Had he given it them, he had done it, and they
had not turn'd out his son yet ;
Sing hi ho, brave Dick, Lenthall, and Lady
Joane,
Who did against loyalty kick is now for a
new-year's gift gone.
Sing hi ho, etc.

For had Old Noll been alive, he had pull'd them
out by the ears,
Or else had fired their hive, and kickt them down
the staires ;
Because they were so bold to vex his righteous soul,
When he so deeply had swore that there they
should never sit more.
But hi ho, Noll's dead, and stunk long since
above ground,
Though lapt in spices and lead that cost us
many a pound.
Sing hi ho, etc.

Indeed, brother burgess, your ling did never stink
half so bad,
Nor did your habberdin when it no pease-straw
had ;
Ye both were chose together, 'cause ye wore
stuff cloaks in hard weather,
And Cambridge needs would have a burgess fool
and knave.

* Dr John Hewit, an episcopal clergyman, executed for high treason in 1658, for having held an active correspondence

Sing hi ho, John Lowry,* concerning habberdin,
No member spake before ye, yet you ne're spoke againe.
Sing hi, ho, etc.

Ned Prideaux† he went post to tell the Protector the news,
That Fleetwood ruld the rost, having tane off Dicke's shoes.
And that he did believe, Lambert would him deceive
As he his brother had gull'd, and Cromwell Fairfax bull'd.
Sing hi ho, the attorney was still at your command;
In flames together burn ye, still dancing hand in hand!
Sing hi ho, etc.

Who's that would hide his face, and his neck from the collar pull?
He must appear in this place, if his cap be made of wool.
Who is it? with a vengeance! it is the good Lord St Johns,‡
Who made God's house to fall, to build his own withall.

with the Royalists abroad, and having zealously contributed to the insurrection headed by Penruddock.

* John Lowry, member for Cambridge.

† Sir Edmund Prideaux, Bart., member for Lyme Regis. He was Cromwell's Attorney-General.

‡ Oliver St John, member for Totness, and Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas.

Sing hi ho, who comes there? who 'tis I must not say;
But by his dark lanthorn, I sweare he's as good in the night as day.
Sing hi ho, etc.

Edge, brethren, room for one that looks as big as the best;
'Tis pity to leave him alone, for he is as good as the rest;
No picklock of the laws, he builds among the daws,
If you ha' any more kings to murder, for a President look no further.
Sing hi ho, John Bradshaw, in blood none further engages;
The Devil from whom he had's law, will shortly pay him his wages.
Sing hi ho, etc.

Next, Peagoose Wild,* come in to show your weesle face,
And tell us Burley's sin, whose blood bought you your place;
When loyalty was a crime, he lived in a dangerous time,
Was forced to pay his neck to make you baron of the cheque.

* John Wilde, one of the members for Worcestershire. In Cromwell's last Parliament he represented Droitwich, and was made by the Protector "Lord Chief Baron of the Public Exchequer."

Sing hi ho, Jack Straw, we'll put it in the margent,
'Twas not for justice or law that you were made a sergeant.
Sing hi ho, etc.

Noll served not Satan faster, nor with him did better accord;
For he was my good master, and the Devil was his good lord.
Both Slingsby, Gerard, and Hewet,* were sure enough to go to it,
According to his intent, that chose me President.
Sing hi ho, Lord Lisle,† sure law had got a wrench,
And where was justice the while, when you sate on the bench.
Sing hi ho, etc.

Next comes the good Lord Keble, of the Triumvirate,
Of the seal in the law but feeble, though on the bench he sate;

* Sir Henry Slingsby and Dr. Hewet were executed for treason against the government of Oliver Cromwell in 1658. Colonel John Gerard was brought to the block at the beginning of the Protectorate, in 1654, for being engaged in a plot to assassinate Cromwell.

† John Lord Lisle represented Yarmouth in the Long Parliament. He sat for Kent in the Parliament of 1653, and was afterwards a member of Cromwell's "other House," and held the office of Lord Commissioner of the Great Seal. He was president of the High Courts of Justice which tried Gerard, Slingsby, and Hewet.

For when one puts him a case, I wish him out of
the place,
And, if it were not a sin, an able lawyer in.
Sing, give the seal about, I'de have it so the
rather,
Because we might get out the knave, my lord,
my father.
Sing hi ho, etc.

Pull out the other three, it is Nathaniel Fines*
(Who Bristol lost for fear), we'll not leave him
behind's;
'Tis a chip of that good old block, who to loyalty
gave the first knock,
Then stole away to Lundey, whence the foul
fiend fetches him one day.
Sing hi ho, canting Fines, you and the rest to
mend 'um,
Would ye were served in your kinds with an
ense rescidendum.
Sing hi ho, etc.

He that comes down-stairs, is Lord Chief Justice
Glin;†
If no man for him cares, he cares as little again:

* Nathaniel Fiennes, member for Banbury. In the Parliament of 1654 he represented Oxfordshire. He was afterwards, as Nathaniel Lord Fiennes, a member of Cromwell's "other House." Fiennes was accused of cowardice in surrendering Bristol (of which he was governor) to Prince Rupert, somewhat hastily, in 1643. His father, Lord Say and Sele, opposing Cromwell, was obliged to retire to the Isle of Lundy.

† John Lord Glynn, member of Cromwell's "other House," was "Chief Justice assigned to hold pleas in the Upper Bench."

The reason too I know't, he helpt cut Strafford's throat,
And take away his life, though with a cleaner knife.
Sing hi ho, Britain bold, straight to the bar you get,
Where it is not so cold as where your justice set.
Sing hi ho, etc.

He that will next come in, was long of the Council of State,
Though hardly a hair on his chin when first in the council he sate;
He was sometime in Italy, and learned their fashions prettily,
Then came back to's own nation, to help up reformation.
Sing hi ho, Harry Nevil,* I prythee be not too rash
With atheism to court the Divel, you're too bold to be his bardash.
Sing hi ho, etc.

He was engaged in the prosecution of the Earl of Strafford. He was one of the eleven members impeached by the army in 1647. In the Long Parliament, as well as in Cromwell's Parliaments, he was member for Carnarvon.—T. W.

* Henry Nevil, member for Abingdon. In Cromwell's last Parliament he represented Reading. In a satirical tract, he is spoken of as "religious Harry Nevill;" and we find in Burton's Diary, that some months before the date of the present song (on the 16th Feb. 1658-9) there was "a great debate" on a charge of atheism and blasphemy which had been brought against him. —T. W.

He there with ingratitude blackt is one Cornelius Holland,*
Who, but for the King's house, lackt wherewith to appease his colon;
The case is well amended since that time, as I think,
When at court gate he tended with a little stick and a short link.
Sing hi ho, Cornelius, your zeal cannot delude us;
The reason pray now tell ye us why thus you play'd the Judas.
Sing hi ho, etc.

At first he was a grocer who now we Major call,
Although you would think no, Sir, if you saw him in Whitehall,
Where he has great command, and looks for cap in hand,
And if our eggs be not addle, shall be of the next new moddel.
Sing hi ho, Mr Salloway,† the Lord in heaven doth know
When that from hence you shall away, where to the Devil you'l go.
Sing hi ho, etc.

* In the satirical tract entitled "England's Confusion," this member is described as "hastily rich Cornelius Holland." He appears to have risen from a low station, and is characterized in the songs of the day as having been a link-bearer.—T. W.

† Major Salwey was an officer in the Parliamentary army. On the 17th January, 1660, he incurred the displeasure of the House, and was sequestered from his seat and sent to the Tower. He is described as "a smart, prating apprentice, newly set up for

Little Hill,* since set in the House, is to a mountain grown;
Not that which brought forth the mouse, but thousands the year of his own.
The purchase that I mean, where else but at Taunton Dean;
Five thousand pounds per annum, a sum not known to his grannam.
Sing hi, the Good old Cause,† 'tis old enough not true
You got more by that then the laws, so a good old cause to you.
Sing hi ho, etc.

himself." He appears to have been originally a grocer and tobacconist; a ballad of the time speaks of him as,

"Salloway with tobacco
Inspired, turned State quack-o;
And got more by his feigned zeal
Then by his, *What d'ye lack-o?*"

In another he is introduced thus,

"The tobacco-man Salway, with a heart full of gall
Puffs down bells, steeples, priests, churches, and all,
As old superstitious relicks of Baal."

A third ballad, alluding to his attitude in the House, couples together

"Mr William Lilly's astrological lyes,
And the meditations of Salloway biting his thumbe."—T. W.

* Roger Hill was member for Bridport, in Dorsetshire. He bought a grant of the Bishop of Winchester's manor of Taunton Dean, valued at £1200 a year. A ballad written towards the end of 1659 says of him,

"Baron Hill was but a valley,
And born scarce to an alley;
But now is lord of Taunton Dean,
And thousands he can rally."

† With the revival of the Long Parliament, the old Republican feelings arose again under the denomination of the "Good old Cause." Innumerable pamphlets were published for and

Master Cecil,* pray come behind, because on your
own accord
The other House you declined, you shall be no
longer a lord;
The reason, as I guess, you silently did confess,
Such lords deserved ill the other House to fill.
Sing hi ho, Mr Cecil, your honour now is gone;
Such lords are not worth a whistle, we have
made better lords of our own.
Sing hi ho, etc.

Luke Robinson† shall go before ye, that snarling
northern tyke;
Be sure he 'll not adore ye, for honour he doth not
like;
He cannot honour inherit, and he knows he can
never merit,
And therefore he cannot bear it that any one else
should wear it.

against "The Cause." Even Prynne, the fierce old Presbyterian, who was now turning against the patriots, lifted up his pen against it, and published "The Republicans and others spurious Good old Cause briefly and truly Anatomized," 4to, May 13, 1659.

* Robert Cecil, Esq., was one of the members of the Old Long Parliament who were now brought together to form the Rump. He represented Old Sarum, Wilts.

† Luke Robinson, of Pickering Lyth, in Yorkshire, was member for Scarborough. An old ballad says of him,

"Luke Robinson, that clownado,
Though his heart be a granado,
Yet a high shoe with his hand in his poke
Is his most perfect shadow."

Sing hi ho, envious lown, you're of the beagle's kind,
Who always bark'd at the moon, because in the dark it shined.
Sing hi ho, etc.

'Tis this that vengeance rouses, that, while you make long prayers,
You eat up widows' houses, and drink the orphan's tears;
Long time you kept a great noise, of God and the Good old Cause;
But if God to you be so kind, then I'me of the Indian's mind.
Sing hi ho, Sir Harry,* we see, by your demeanour,
If longer here you tarry, you'll be Sir Harry Vane, Senior.
Sing hi ho, etc.

Now if your zeal do warme ye, pray loud for fairer weather;
Swear to live and die with the army, for these birds are flown together;
The House is turn'd out a door (and I think it was no sin, too);
If we take them there any more, we'll throw the House out of the window.
Sing hi ho, Tom Scot,† you lent the Devil your hand;

* Sir Harry Vane.

† Thomas Scott was member for Aylesbury, in Buckinghamshire, in the Long Parliament.

I wonder he helpt you not, but suffred you
t' be trapand.
Sing hi ho, etc.

They're once again conduced, and we freed from
the evil
To which we long were used; God blesse us
next from the Devil!
If they had not been outed the army had been
routed,
And then this rotten Rump had sat until the last
trump.
But, hi ho, Lambert's here, the Protector's in-
strument bore,
And many there be who swear that he will do
it no more.
Sing hi ho, etc.

Come here, then, honest Peters,* say grace for the
second course,
So long as these your betters must patience have
upon force,
Long time he kept a great noise with God and
the Good old Cause,
But if God own such as these, then where's the
Devil's fees?
Sing hi ho, Hugo, I hear thou art not dead;
Where now to the Devil will you go, your
patrons being fled?
Sing hi ho, my honey, my heart shall never rue,
Four-and-twenty now for a penny, and into the
bargain Hugh.

* Hugh Peters, the celebrated fanatic. In the margin of the original, opposite to the words "the Devil's fees," is the following note—"His numps and his kidneys."—T. W.

THE TALE OF THE COBBLER AND THE VICAR OF BRAY.

Rara est concordia fratrum. Ovid.

By Samuel Butler.

The "Sir Samuel" of this Ballad is the same person—Sir Samuel Luke of Bedfordshire—who is supposed to have been the unconscious model of the portrait which is drawn so much more fully in the inimitable Hudibras. Ralph is also the well-known Squire in the same poem. The Ballad, though published in Butler's "Posthumous Works," 1724, was rejected by Thyer in the edition of 1784, and is not included in the "Genuine Remains," published from the original manuscripts, formerly in the possession of William Longueville, Esq. If not by Butler, it is a successful imitation of his style, and abounds in phrases of sturdy colloquial English, and is of a date long anterior to the popular song, "The Vicar of Bray."

In Bedfordshire there dwelt a knight,
Sir Samuel by name,
Who by his feats in civil broils
Obtain'd a mighty fame.

Nor was he much less wise and stout,
But fit in both respects
To humble sturdy Cavaliers,
And to support the sects.

This worthy knight was one that swore
He would not cut his beard
Till this ungodly nation was
From kings and bishops clear'd:

Which holy vow he firmly kept,
And most devoutly wore

A grizly meteor on his face
Till they were both no more.

His worship was, in short, a man
Of such exceeding worth,
No pen or pencil can describe,
Or rhyming bard set forth.

Many and mighty things he did
Both sober and in liquor,—
Witness the mortal fray between
The Cobbler and the Vicar;

Which by his wisdom and his power
He wisely did prevent,
And both the combatants at once
In wooden durance pent.

The manner how these two fell out
And quarrell'd in their ale,
I shall attempt at large to show
In the succeeding tale.

A strolling cobbler, who was wont
To trudge from town to town,
Happen'd upon his walk to meet
A vicar in his gown.

And as they forward jogg'd along,
The vicar, growing hot,
First asked the cobbler if he knew
Where they might take a pot?

Yes, marry that I do, quoth he;
Here is a house hard by,
That far exceeds all Bedfordshire
For ale and landlady.

Thither let's go, the vicar said;
And when they thither came,
He liked the liquor wondrous well,
But better far the dame.

And she, who, like a cunning jilt,
Knew how to please her guest,
Used all her little tricks and arts
To entertain the priest.

The cobbler too, who quickly saw
The landlady's design,
Did all that in his power was
To manage the divine.

With smutty jests and merry songs
They charm'd the vicar so,
That he determined for that night
No further he would go.

And being fixt, the cobbler thought
'Twas proper to go try
If he could get a job or two
His charges to supply.

So going out into the street,
He bawls with all his might,—
If any of you tread awry
I'm here to set you right.

I can repair your leaky boots,
And underlay your soles;
Backsliders, I can underprop
And patch up all your holes.

The vicar, who unluckily
The cobbler's outcry heard,

From off the bench on which he sat
With mighty fury rear'd.

Quoth he, What priest, what holy priest
Can hear this bawling slave,
But must, in justice to his coat,
Chastise the saucy knave?

What has this wretch to do with souls,
Or with backsliders either,
Whose business only is his awls,
His lasts, his thread, and leather?

I lose my patience to be made
This strolling varlet's sport;
Nor could I think this saucy rogue
Could serve me in such sort.

The cobbler, who had no design
The vicar to displease,
Unluckily repeats again,—
I'm come your soals to ease:

The inward and the outward too
I can repair and mend;
And all that my assistance want,
I'll use them like a friend.

The country folk no sooner heard
The honest cobbler's tongue,
But from the village far and near
They round about him throng.

Some bring their boots, and some their shoes,
And some their buskins bring:
The cobbler sits him down to work,
And then begins to sing.

Death often at the cobbler's stall
Was wont to make a stand,
But found the cobbler singing still,
And on the mending hand;

Until at length he met old Time,
And then they both together
Quite tear the cobbler's aged sole
From off the upper leather.

Even so a while I may old shoes
By care and art maintain,
But when the leather's rotten grown
All art and care is vain.

And thus the cobbler stitched and sung,
Not thinking any harm;
Till out the angry vicar came
With ale and passion warm.

Dost thou not know, vile slave! quoth he,
How impious 'tis to jest
With sacred things, and to profane
The office of a priest?

How dar'st thou, most audacious wretch!
Those vile expressions use,
Which make the souls of men as cheap
As soals of boots and shoes?

Such reprobates as you betray
Our character and gown,
And would, if you had once the power,
The Church itself pull down.

The cobbler, not aware that he
Had done or said amiss,

Reply'd, I do not understand
What you can mean by this.

Tho' I but a poor cobbler be,
And stroll about for bread,
None better loves the Church than I
That ever wore a head.

But since you are so good at names,
And make so loud a pother,
I'll tell you plainly I'm afraid
You're but some cobbling brother.

Come, vicar, tho' you talk so big,
Our trades are near akin;
I patch and cobble outward soals
As you do those within.

And I'll appeal to any man
That understands the nation,
If I han't done more good than you
In my respective station.

Old leather, I must needs confess,
I've sometimes used as new,
And often pared the soal so near
That I have spoil'd the shoe.

You vicars, by a different way,
Have done the very same;
For you have pared your doctrines so
You made religion lame.

Your principles you've quite disown'd,
And old ones changed for new,
That no man can distinguish right
Which are the false or true.

I dare be bold, you're one of those
Have took the Covenant;
With Cavaliers are Cavalier,
And with the saints a saint.

The vicar at this sharp rebuke
Begins to storm and swear;
Quoth he, Thou vile apostate wretch!
Dost thou with me compare?

I that have care of many souls,
And power to damn or save,
Dar'st thou thyself compare with me,
Thou vile, ungodly knave!

I wish I had thee somewhere else,
I'd quickly make thee know
What 'tis to make comparisons,
And to revile me so.

Thou art an enemy to the State,
Some priest in masquerade,
That, to promote the Pope's designs,
Has learnt the cobbling trade:

Or else some spy to Cavaliers,
And art by them sent out
To carry false intelligence,
And scatter lies about.

But whilst the vicar full of ire
Was railing at this rate,
His worship, good Sir Samuel,
O'erlighted at the gate.

And asking of the landlady
Th' occasion of the stir;

Quoth she, If you will give me leave
I will inform you, Sir.

This cobbler happening to o'ertake
The vicar in his walk,
In friendly sort they forward march,
And to each other talk.

Until the parson first proposed
To stop and take a whet;
So cheek by jole they hither came
Like travellers well met.

A world of healths and jests went round,
Sometimes a merry tale;
Till they resolved to stay all night,
So well they liked my ale.

Thus all things lovingly went on,
And who so great as they;
Before an ugly accident
Began this mortal fray.

The case I take it to be this,—
The vicar being fixt,
The cobbler chanced to cry his trade,
And in his cry he mixt

Some harmless words, which I suppose
The vicar falsely thought
Might be design'd to banter him,
And scandalize his coat.

If that be all, quoth he, go out
And bid them both come in;
A dozen of your nappy ale
Will set 'em right again.

And if the ale should chance to fail,
For so perhaps it may,
I have it in my powers to try
A more effectual way.

These vicars are a wilful tribe,
A restless, stubborn crew;
And if they are not humbled quite,
The State they will undo.

The cobbler is a cunning knave,
That goes about by stealth,
And would, instead of mending shoes,
Repair the Commonwealth.

However, bid 'em both come in,
This fray must have an end;
Such little feuds as these do oft
To greater mischiefs tend.

Without more bidding out she goes
And told them, by her troth,
There was a magistrate within
That needs must see 'em both.

But, gentlemen, pray distance keep,
And don't too testy be;
Ill words good manners still corrupt
And spoil good company.

To this the vicar first replies,
I fear no magistrate;
For let 'em make what laws they will,
I'll still obey the State.

Whatever I can say or do,
I'm sure not much avails;

I shall still be Vicar of Bray
Whichever side prevails.

My conscience, thanks to Heaven, is come
To such a happy pass,
That I can take the Covenant
And never hang an ass.

I've took so many oaths before,
That now without remorse
I take all oaths the State can make,
As meerly things of course.

Go therefore, dame, the justice tell
His summons I'll obey;
And further you may let him know
I Vicar am of Bray.

I find indeed, the cobbler said,
I am not much mistaken;
This vicar knows the ready way
To save his reverend bacon.*

This is a hopeful priest indeed,
And well deserves a rope;
Rather than lose his vicarage
He'd swear to Turk or Pope.

For gain he would his God deny,
His country and his King;
Swear and forswear, recant and lye,
Do any wicked thing.

At this the vicar set his teeth,
And to the cobbler flew;

* To save his tithe pig:—probably the origin of the well known slang phrase of the present day.

And with his sacerdotal fist
Gave him a box or two.

The cobbler soon return'd the blows,
And with both head and heel
So manfully behaved himself,
He made the vicar reel.

Great was the outcry that was made,
And in the woman ran
To tell his worship that the fight
Betwixt them was began.

And is it so indeed? quoth he;
I'll make the slaves repent:
Then up he took his basket hilt,
And out enraged he went.

The country folk no sooner saw
The knight with naked blade,
But for his worship instantly
An open lane was made;

Who with a stern and angry look
Cry'd out, What knaves are these
That in the face of justice dare
Disturb the public peace?

Vile rascals! I will make you know
I am a magistrate,
And that as such I bear about
The vengeance of the State.

Go, seize them, Ralph, and bring them in,
That I may know the cause,
That first induced them to this rage,
And thus to break the laws.

Ralph, who was both his squire and clerk,
And constable withal,
I' th' name o' th' Commonwealth aloud
Did for assistance bawl.

The words had hardly pass'd his mouth
But they secure them both;
And Ralph, to show his furious zeal
And hatred to the cloth,

Runs to the vicar through the crowd,
And takes him by the throat:
How ill, says he, doth this become
Your character and coat!

Was it for this not long ago
You took the Covenant,
And in most solemn manner swore
That you'd become a saint?

And here he gave him such a pinch
That made the vicar shout,—
Good people, I shall murder'd be
By this ungodly lout.

He gripes my throat to that degree
I can't his talons bear;
And if you do not hold his hands,
He'll throttle me, I fear.

At this a butcher of the town
Steps up to Ralph in ire,—
What, will you squeeze his gullet through,
You son of blood and fire?

You are the Devil's instrument
To execute the laws;

What, will you murther the poor man
With your phanatick claws ?

At which the squire quits his hold,
And lugging out his blade,
Full at the sturdy butcher's pate
A furious stroke he made.

A dismal outcry then began
Among the country folk;
Who all conclude the butcher slain
By such a mortal stroke.

But here good fortune, that has still
A friendship for the brave,
I' th' nick misguides the fatal blow,
And does the butcher save.

The knight, who heard the noise within,
Runs out with might and main,
And seeing Ralph amidst the crowd
In danger to be slain,

Without regard to age or sex
Old basket-hilt so ply'd,
That in an instant three or four
Lay bleeding at his side.

And greater mischiefs in his rage
This furious knight had done,
If he had not prevented been
By Dick, the blacksmith's son,

Who catch'd his worship on the hip,
And gave him such a squelch,
That he some moments breathless lay
Ere he was heard to belch.

Nor was the squire in better case,
By sturdy butcher ply'd,
Who from the shoulder to the flank
Had soundly swinged his hide.

Whilst things in this confusion stood,
And knight and squire disarm'd,
Up comes a neighbouring gentleman
The outcry had alarm'd;

Who riding up among the crowd,
The vicar first he spy'd,
With sleeveless gown and bloody band
And hands behind him ty'd.

Bless me, says he, what means all this?
Then turning round his eyes,
In the same plight, or in a worse,
The cobbler bleeding spies.

And looking further round he saw,
Like one in doleful dump,
The knight, amidst a gaping mob,
Sit pensive on his rump.

And by his side lay Ralph his squire,
Whom butcher fell had maul'd;
Who bitterly bemoan'd his fate,
And for a surgeon call'd.

Surprised at first he paused awhile,
And then accosts the knight,—
What makes you here, Sir Samuel,
In this unhappy plight?

At this the knight gave's breast a thump,
And stretching out his hand,—

If you will pull me up, he cried,
I'll try if I can stand.

And then I'll let you know the cause;
But first take care of Ralph,
Who in my good or ill success
Doth always stand my half.

In short, he got his worship up
And led him in the door;
Where he at length relates the tale
As I have told before.

When he had heard the story out,
The gentleman replies,—
It is not in my province, sir,
Your worship to advise.

But were I in your worship's place,
The only thing I'd do,
Was first to reprimand the fools,
And then to let them go.

I think it first advisable
To take them from the rabble,
And let them come and both set forth
The occasion of the squabble.

This is the Vicar, Sir, of Bray,
A man of no repute,
The scorn and scandal of his tribe,
A loose, ill-manner'd brute.

The cobbler's a poor strolling wretch
That mends my servants' shoes;
And often calls as he goes by
To bring me country news.

At this his worship grip'd his beard,
And in an angry mood,
Swore by the laws of chivalry
That blood required blood.

Besides, I'm by the Commonwealth
Entrusted to chastise
All knaves that straggle up and down
To raise such mutinies.

However, since 'tis your request,
They shall be call'd and heard;
But neither Ralph nor I can grant
Such rascals should be clear'd.

And so, to wind the tale up short,
They were call'd in together;
And by the gentlemen were ask'd
What wind 'twas blew them thither.

Good ale and handsome landladies
You might have nearer home;
And therefore 'tis for something more
That you so far are come.

To which the vicar answer'd first,—
My living is so small,
That I am forced to stroll about
To try and get a call.

And, quoth the cobbler, I am forced
To leave my wife and dwelling,
T' escape the danger of being press'd
To go a colonelling.

There's many an honest jovial lad
Unwarily drawn in,

That I have reason to suspect
Will scarce get out again.

The proverb says, *Harm watch harm catch*,
I'll out of danger keep,
For he that sleeps in a whole skin
Doth most securely sleep.

My business is to mend bad soals
And stitch up broken quarters:
A cobbler's name would look but odd
Among a list of martyrs.

Faith, cobbler, quoth the gentleman,
And that shall be my case;
I will neither party join,
Let what will come to pass.

No importunities or threats
My fixt resolves shall rest;
Come here, Sir Samuel, where's his health
That loves old England best.

I pity those unhappy fools
Who, ere they were aware,
Designing and ambitious men
Have drawn into a snare.

But, vicar, to come to the case,—
Amidst a senseless crowd,
What urged you to such violence,
And made you talk so loud?

Passion I'm sure does ill become
Your character and cloath,
And, tho' the cause be ne'er so just,
Brings scandal upon both.

Vicar, I speak it with regret,
An inadvertent priest
Renders himself ridiculous,
And every body's jest.

The vicar to be thus rebuked
A little time stood mute;
But having gulp'd his passion down,
Replies,—That cobbling brute

Has treated me with such contempt,
Such vile expressions used,
That I no longer could forbear
To hear myself abused.

The rascal had the insolence
To give himself the lie,
And to aver h' had done more good
And saved more soals than I.

Nay, further, Sir, this miscreant
To tell me was so bold,
Our trades were very near of kin,
But his was the more old.

Now, Sir, I will to you appeal
On such a provocation,
If there was not sufficient cause
To use a little passion?

Now, quoth the cobbler, with your leave,
I'll prove it to his face,
All this is mere suggestion,
And foreign to the case.

And since he calls so many names
And talks so very loud,

I will be bound to make it plain
'Twas he that raised the crowd.

Nay, further, I will make 't appear
He and the priests have done
More mischief than the cobblers far
All over Christendom.

All Europe groans beneath their yoke,
And poor Great Britain owes
To them her present miseries,
And dread of future woes.

The priests of all religions are
And will be still the same,
And all, tho' in a different way,
Are playing the same game.

At this the gentleman stood up,—
Cobbler, you run too fast;
By thus condemning all the tribe
You go beyond your last.

Much mischief has by priests been done,
And more is doing still;
But then to censure all alike
Must be exceeding ill.

Too many, I must needs confess,
Are mightily to blame,
Who by their wicked practices
Disgrace the very name.

But, cobbler, still the major part
The minor should conclude;
To argue at another rate's
Impertinent and rude.

By this time all the neighbours round
Were flock'd about the door,
And some were on the vicar's side,
But on the cobbler's more.

Among the rest a grazier, who
Had lately been at town
To sell his oxen and his sheep,
Brim-full of news came down.

Quoth he, The priests have preach'd and pray'd,
And made so damn'd a pother,
That all the people are run mad
To murther one another.

By their contrivances and arts
They've play'd their game so long,
That no man knows which side is right,
Or which is in the wrong.

I'm sure I've Smithfield market used
For more than twenty year,
But never did such murmurings
And dreadful outcries hear.

Some for a church, and some a tub,
And some for both together;
And some, perhaps the greater part,
Have no regard for either.

Some for a king, and some for none;
And some have hankerings
To mend the Commonwealth, and make
An empire of all kings.

What's worse, old Noll is marching off,
And Dick, his heir-apparent,

Succeeds him in the government,
A very lame vicegerent.

He'll reign but little time, poor fool,
But sink beneath the State,
That will not fail to ride the fool
'Bove common horseman's weight.

And rulers, when they lose the power,
Like horses overweigh'd,
Must either fall and break their knees,
Or else turn perfect jade.

The vicar to be twice rebuked
No longer could contain;
But thus replies,—To knaves like you
All arguments are vain.

The Church must use her arm of flesh,
The other will not do;
The clergy waste their breath and time
On miscreants like you.

You are so stubborn and so proud,
So dull and prepossest,
That no instructions can prevail
How well soe'er addrest.

Who would reform such reprobates,
Must drub them soundly first;
I know no other way but that
To make them wise or just.

Fie, vicar, fie, his patron said,
Sure that is not the way;
You should instruct your auditors
To suffer or obey.

Those were the doctrines that of old
The learned fathers taught;
And 'twas by them the Church at first
Was to perfection brought.

Come, vicar, lay your feuds aside,
And calmly take your cup;
And let us try in friendly wise
To make the matter up.

That's certainly the wiser course,
And better too by far;
All men of prudence strive to quench
The sparks of civil war.

By furious heats and ill advice
Our neighbours are undone,
Then let us timely caution take
From their destruction.

If we would turn our heads about,
And look towards forty-one,
We soon should see what little jars
Those cruel wars begun.

A one-eyed cobbler then was one
Of that rebellious crew,
That did in Charles the martyr's blood
Their wicked hands imbrue.

I mention this not to deface
This cobbler's reputation,
Whom I have always honest found,
And useful in his station.

But this I urge to let you see
The danger of a fight

Between a cobbler and a priest,
Though he were ne'er so right.

The vicars are a numerous tribe,
So are the cobblers too;
And if a general quarrel rise,
What must the country do?

Our outward and our inward soals
Must quickly want repair;
And all the neighbourhood around
Would the misfortune share.

Sir, quoth the grazier, I believe
Our outward soals indeed
May quickly want the cobbler's help
To be from leakings freed.

But for our inward souls, I think
They're of a worth too great
To be committed to the care
Of any holy cheat,

Who only serves his God for gain,
Religion is his trade;
And 'tis by such as these our Church
So scandalous is made.

Why should I trust my soul with one
That preaches, swears, and prays,
And the next moment contradicts
Himself in all he says?

His solemn oaths he looks upon
As only words of course!
Which like their wives our fathers took
For better or for worse.

But he takes oaths as some take w—s,
Only to serve his ease;
And rogues and w—s, it is well known,
May part whene'er they please.

At this the cobbler bolder grew,
And stoutly thus reply'd,—
If you're so good at drubbing, Sir,
Your manhood shall be try'd.

What I have said I will maintain,
And further prove withal—
I daily do more good than you
In my respective call.

I know your character, quoth he,
You proud insulting vicar,
Who only huff and domineer
And quarrel in your liquor.

The honest gentleman, who saw
'Twould come again to blows,
Commands the cobbler to forbear,
And to the vicar goes.

Vicar, says he, for shame give o'er
And mitigate your rage;
You scandalize your cloth too much
A cobbler to engage.

All people's eyes are on your tribe,
And every little ill
They multiply and aggravate,
And will because they will.

But now let's call another cause,
So let this health go round;

Be peace and plenty, truth and right,
In good old England found.

Quoth Ralph, All this is empty talk
And only tends to laughter;
If these two varlets should be spared,
Who'd pity us hereafter?

Your worship may do what you please,
But I'll have satisfaction
For drubbing and for damages
In this ungodly action.

I think that you can do no less
Than send them to the stocks;
And I'll assist the constable
In fixing in their hocks.

There let 'em sit and fight it out,
Or scold till they are friends;
Or, what is better much than both,
Till I am made amends.

Ralph, quoth the knight, that's well advised,
Let them both hither go,
And you and the sub-magistrate
Take care that it be so.

Let them be lock'd in face to face,
Bare buttocks on the ground;
And let them in that posture sit
Till they with us compound.

Thus fixt, we'll leave them for a time,
Whilst we with grief relate,
How at a wake this knight and squire
Got each a broken pate.

THE GENEVA BALLAD.

From Samuel Butler's Posthumous Works.

Of all the factions in the town
  Moved by French springs or Flemish wheels,
None turns religion upside down,
  Or tears pretences out at heels,
Like *Splaymouth* with his brace of caps,
Whose conscience might be scann'd perhaps
By the dimensions of his chaps;

He whom the sisters do adore,
  Counting his actions all divine,
Who when the spirit hints can roar,
  And, if occasion serves, can whine;
Nay, he can bellow, bray, or bark;
Was ever *sike a Beauk-learn'd* clerk
That speaks all linguas of the ark?

To draw the hornets in like bees,
  With pleasing twangs he tones his prose;
He gives his handkerchief a squeeze,
  And draws John Calvin thro' his nose;
Motive on motive he obtrudes,
With slip-stocking similitudes,
Eight uses more, and so concludes.

When monarchy began to bleed,
  And treason had a fine new name;
When Thames was balderdash'd with Tweed,
  And pulpits did like beacons flame;

When Jeroboam's calves were rear'd,
And Laud was neither loved nor fear'd,
This gospel-comet first appear'd.

Soon his unhallow'd fingers stript
His sovereign-liege of power and land;
And, having smote his master, slipt
His sword into his fellow's hand;
But he that wears his eyes may note
Oft-times the butcher binds a goat,
And leaves his boy to cut her throat.

Poor England felt his fury then
Outweigh'd Queen Mary's many grains;
His very preaching slew more men
Than Bonnar's faggots, stakes, and chains:
With dog-star zeal, and lungs like Boreas,
He fought, and taught, and, what's notorious,
Destroy'd his Lord to make him glorious.

Yet drew for King and Parliament,
As if the wind could stand north-south;
Broke Moses' law with blest intent,
Murther'd, and then he wiped his mouth:
Oblivion alters not his case,
Nor clemency nor acts of grace
Can blanch an Ethiopian's face.

Ripe for rebellion, he begins
To rally up the saints in swarms;
He bawls aloud, Sir, leave your sins,
But whispers, Boys, stand to your arms:
Thus he's grown insolently rude,
Thinking his gods can't be subdued—
Money, I mean, and *multitude*.

Magistrates he regards no more
Than St George or the King of Colon,
Vowing he'll not conform before
The old wives wind their dead in woollen:
He calls the bishop gray-hair'd coff,
And makes his power as mere a scoff
As Dagon when his hands were off.

Hark! how he opens with full cry,
Halloo, my hearts, beware of Rome!
Cowards that are afraid to die
Thus make domestic brawls at home.
How quietly great Charles might reign,
Would all these Hotspurs cross the main
And preach down Popery in Spain.

The starry rule of Heaven is fixt,
There's no dissension in the sky;
And can there be a mean betwixt
Confusion and conformity?
A place divided never thrives,
'Tis bad when hornets dwell in hives,
But worse when children play with knives.

I would as soon turn back to mass,
Or change my praise to *Thee* and *Thou;*
Let the Pope ride me like an ass,
And his priests milk me like a cow!
As buckle to Smectymnian laws,
The bad effects o' th' Good old Cause,
That have dove's plumes, but vulture's claws.

For 'twas the holy Kirk that nursed,
The Brownists and the ranters' crew;

Foul error's motley vesture first
Was oaded * in a northern blue;
And what's th' enthusiastick breed,
Or men of Knipperdolin's creed,
But Cov'nanters run up to seed!

Yet they all cry they love the King,
And make boast of their innocence:
There cannot be so vile a thing
But may be cover'd with pretence;
Yet when all's said, one thing I'll swear,
No subject like th' old Cavalier,
No traytor like *Jack-Presbyter*.

THE DEVIL'S PROGRESS ON EARTH,
OR
HUGGLE DUGGLE.

From Durfey's "Pills to Purge Melancholy."

Frier Bacon walks again,
And Doctor *Forster* † too;
Prosperine and *Pluto*,
And many a goblin crew:
With that a merry devil,
To make the *Airing*, vow'd;
Huggle Duggle, Ha! ha! ha!
The Devil laugh'd aloud.

Why think you that he laugh'd?
Forsooth he came from court;

* Coloured, or dyed. † Faustus.

And there amongst the gallants
Had spy'd such pretty sport;
There was such cunning jugling,
And ladys gon so proud;
Huggle Duggle, etc.

With that into the city
Away the Devil went;
To view the merchants' dealings
It was his full intent:
And there along the brave Exchange
He crept into the croud.
Huggle Duggle, etc.

He went into the city
To see all there was well;
Their scales were false, their weights were light,
Their conscience fit for hell;
And *Panders* chosen magistrates,
And *Puritans* allow'd.
Huggle Duggle, etc.

With that unto the country
Away the Devil goeth;
For there is all plain dealing,
For that the Devil knoweth:
But the rich man reaps the gains
For which the poor man plough'd.
Huggle Duggle, etc

With that the Devil in haste
Took post away to hell,
And call'd his fellow furies,
And told them all on earth was well:

That falsehood there did flourish,
Plain dealing was in a cloud.
Huggle Duggle, Ha! ha! ha!
The devils laugh'd aloud.

A BOTTLE DEFINITION OF THAT FALLEN ANGEL, CALLED A WHIG.

From a collection of Historical and State Poems, Satyrs, Songs, and Epigrams, by Ned Ward, A. D. 1717.

WHAT is a Whig? A cunning rogue
That once was in, now out of vogue;
A rebel to the Church and throne,
Of Lucifer the very spawn.

A tyrant, who is ne'er at rest
In power, or when he's dispossess'd;
A knave, who foolishly has lost
What so much blood and treasure cost.

A lying, bouncing desperado,
A bomb, a stink-pot, a granado;
That's ready primed, and charged to break,
And mischief do for mischief's sake:

A comet, whose portending phiz
Appears more dreadful than it is;
But now propitious stars repel
Those ills it lastly did fortel.

'Twill burst with unregarded spight,
And, since the Parliament proves right,
Will turn to smoke, which shone of late
So bright and flaming in the State.

THE DESPONDING WHIG.

From Ned Ward's Works, vol. iv. 1709.

WHEN owles are strip'd of their disguise,
And wolves of shepherd's cloathing,
Those birds and beasts that please our eyes
Will then beget our loathing;
When foxes tremble in their holes
At dangers that they see,
And those we think so wise prove fools,
Then low, boys, down go we.

If those designs abortive prove
We've been so long in hatching,
And cunning knaves are forced to move
From home for fear of catching;
The rabble soon will change their tone
When our intrigues they see,
And cry God save the Church and Throne,
Then low, boys, down go we.

The weaver then no more must leave
His loom and turn a preacher,
Nor with his cant poor fools deceive
To make himself the richer.
Our leaders soon would disappear
If such a change should be,
Our scriblers too would stink for fear,
Then low, boys, down go we.

No canvisars would dare to shew
Their postures and grimaces,
Or proph'sy what they never knew,
By dint of ugly faces.

But shove the tumbler through the town,
And quickly banish'd be,
For none must teach without a gown,
Then low, boys, down go we.

If such unhappy days should come,
Our virtue, moderation,
Would surely be repaid us home
With double compensation;
For as we never could forgive,
I fear we then should see
That what we lent we must receive,
Then low, boys, down go we.

Should honest brethren once discern
Our knaveries, they'd disown us,
And bubbl'd fools more wit should learn,
The Lord have mercy on us;
Let's guard against that evil day,
Least such a time should be,
And tackers should come into play,
Then low, boys, down go we.

Tho' hitherto we've play'd our parts
Like wary cunning foxes,
And gain'd the common people's hearts
By broaching het'rodoxes,—
But they're as fickle as the winds,
With nothing long agree,
And when they change their wav'ring minds,
Then low, boys, down go we.

Let's preach and pray, but spit our gall
On those that do oppose us,
And cant of grace, in spite of all
The shame the Devil owes us:

The just, the loyal, and the wise
With us shall Papists be,
For if the *High Church* once should rise,
Then, *Low Church*, down go we.

PHANATICK ZEAL,

OR

A LOOKING-GLASS FOR THE WHIGS.

From a Collection of 180 Loyal Songs.

Tune, "A Swearing we will go."

WHO would not be a Tory
When the loyal are call'd so:
And a Whig now is known
To be the nation's foe?
So a Tory I will be, will be,
And a Tory I will be.

With little band precise,
Hair Presbyterian cut,
Whig turns up hands and eyes
Though smoking hot from slut.
So a Tory I will be, etc.

Black cap turn'd up with white,
With wolfish neck and face,
And mouth with nonsense stuft,
Speaks Whig a man of grace.
And a Tory I will be, etc.

The sisters go to meetings
To meet their gallants there;
And oft mistake for my Lord,
And snivel out my dear.
And a Tory I will be, etc.

Example, we do own,
Than precept better is;
For Creswell she was safe,
When she lived a private Miss.
And a Tory I will be, etc.

The Whigs, though ne'er so proud,
Sometimes have been as low,
For there are some of note
Have long a raree-show.
And a Tory I will be, etc.

These mushrooms now have got
Their champion turn-coat hick;
But if the naked truth were known
They're assisted by old Nick.
And a Tory I will be, etc.

To be and to be not
At once is in their power;
For when they're in, they're guilty,
But clear when out o' the tower.
And a Tory I will be, etc.

To carry their designs,
Though 't contradicts their sense;
They're clear a Whiggish traytor
Against clear evidence.
And a Tory I will be, etc.

The old proverb doth us tell,
Each dog will have his day;
And Whig has had his too,
For which he'll soundly pay;
And a Tory I will be, etc.

For bodkins and for thimbles
Now let your tubsters cant;
Their confounded tired cause
Had never yet more want.
So a Tory I will be, etc.

For ignoramus Toney
Has left you in the lurch;
And you have spent your money,
So, faith, e'en come to Church;
For a Tory I will be, etc.

They are of no religion,
Be it spoken to their glories,
For St Peter and St Paul
With them both are Tories;
And a Tory I will be, etc.

They're excellent contrivers,
I wonder what they're not,
For something they can make
Of nothing and a plot.
And a Tory I will be, etc.

But now your holy cheat
Is known throughout the nation;
And a Whig is known to be
A thing quite out of fashion.
And a Tory I will be, etc.

A NEW GAME AT CARDS:

OR,

WIN AT FIRST AND LOSE AT LAST.

A popular ballad, written immediately after the restoration of Charles II.; and in which the victorious Cavaliers render honour to General Monk, Duke of Albemarle.

Tune, "Ye gallants that delight to play."

Ye merry hearts that love to play
At cards, see who hath won the day;
You that once did sadly sing
The knave of clubs hath won the king;
Now more happy times we have,
The king hath overcome the knave.

Not long ago a game was play'd,
When three crowns at the stakes were laid;
England had no cause to boast,
Knaves won that which kings had lost:
Coaches gave the way to carts,
And clubs were better cards than hearts.

Old Noll was the knave o'clubs,
And dad of such as preach in tubs;
Bradshaw, Ireton, and Pride
Were three other knaves beside;
And they play'd with half the pack,
Throwing out all cards but black.

But the just Fates threw these four out,
Which made the loyal party shout;
The Pope would fain have had the stock,
And with these cards have whipt his dock.
But soon the Devil these cards snatches
To dip in brimstone, and make matches.

But still the sport for to maintain,
Bold Lambert, Haslerigg, and Vane,
With one-eyed Hewson, took their places,
Knaves were better cards than aces;
But Fleetwood he himself did save,
Because he was more fool than knave.

Cromwell, though he so much had won,
Yet he had an unlucky son;
He sits still, and not regards,
Whilst cunning gamesters set the cards;
And thus, alas! poor silly Dick,
He play'd awhile, and lost his trick.

The Rumpers that had won whole towns,
The spoils of martyrs and of crowns,
Were not contented, but grew rough,
As though they had not won enough;
They kept the cards still in their hands,
To play for tithes and college lands.

The Presbyters began to fret
That they were like to lose the sett;
Unto the Rump they did appeal,
And said it was their turn to deal;
Then dealt the Presbyterians, but
The army swore that they would cut.

The foreign lands began to wonder,
To see what gallants we lived under,
That they, which Christians did forswear,
Should follow gaming all the year,—
Nay more, which was the strangest thing,
To play so long without a king.

The bold phanatics present were,
Like butlers with their boxes there,
Not doubting but that every game
Some profit would redound to them;
Because they were the gamesters' minions,
And every day broach'd new opinions.

But Cheshire men (as stories say)
Began to show them gamester's play;
Brave Booth and all his army strives
To save the stakes, or lose their lives;
But, oh sad fate! they were undone
By playing of their cards too soon.

Thus all the while a club was trump,
There's none could ever beat the Rump,
Until a noble general came,
And gave the cheaters a clear slam;
His finger did outwit their noddy,
And screw'd up poor Jack Lambert's body.

Then Haslerigg began to scowl,
And said the general play'd foul.
Look to him, partners, for I tell ye,
This Monk has got a king in's belly.
Not so, quoth Monk, but I believe
Sir Arthur has a knave in's sleeve.

When General Monk did understand
The Rump were peeping into's hand,
He wisely kept his cards from sight,
Which put the Rump into a fright;
He saw how many were betray'd
That show'd their cards before they play'd.

At length, quoth he, some cards we lack,
I will not play with half a pack;
What you cast out I will bring in,
And a new game we will begin:
With that the standers-by did say
They never yet saw fairer play.

But presently this game was past,
And for a second knaves were cast;
All new cards, not stain'd with spots,
As was the Rumpers and the Scots,—
Here good gamesters play'd their parts
And turn'd up the king of hearts.

After this game was done, I think
The standers-by had cause to drink,
And all loyal subjects sing,
Farewell knaves, and welcome King;
For, till we saw the King return'd,
We wish'd the cards had all been burn'd.

THE CAVALEERS LITANY.

(March 25th, 1660.)—From the King's Pamphlets, British Museum.

From pardons which extend to woods,
Entitle thieves to keep our goods,
Forgive our rents as well as bloods,
God bless, etc.

From judges who award that none
Of our oppressours should attone
(The losses sure were not their own),
God bless, etc.

From Christians which can soon forget
Our injuries, but not one bit
Of self-concernment would remit,
God bless, etc.

From duresse, and their dolefull tale,
Who, famisht by a lawless sale,
Compounded it for cakes and ale,
God bless, etc.

From persons still to tread the stage,
Who did the drudgeries of our age
(Such counsells are, I fear, too sage),
God bless, etc.

From maximes which (to make all sure)
With great rewards the bad allure,
'Cause of the good they are secure,
God bless, etc.

From cunning gamesters, who, they say,
Are sure to winne, what-e're they play;
In April Lambert, Charles in May,
God bless, etc.

From neuters and their leven'd lump,
Who name the King and mean the Rump,
Or care not much what card is trump,
God bless, etc.

From midnight-birds, who lye at catch
Some plume from monarchy to snatch,
And from fond youths that cannot watch,
God bless, etc.

From brethren who must still dissent,
Whose froward gospell brooks no Lent,
And who recant, but ne'er repent,
God bless, etc.

From Levites void of truth and shame,
Who to the time their pulpits frame,
And keep the style but change the name,
God bless, etc.

From men by heynous crimes made rich,
Who (though their hopes are in the ditch)
Have still th' old fornicatours itch,
God bless, etc.

From such as freely paid th' arrears
Of the State-troops for many years,
But grudge one tax for Cavaleers,
God bless, etc.

THE SECOND PART.

A CROWN of gold without allay,
Not here provided for one day,
But framed above to last for aye!
God send, etc.

A Queen to fill the empty place,
And multiply his noble race,
Wee all beseech the throne of grace
To send, etc.

A people still as true and kind
As late (when for their King they pin'd),
Not fickle as the tide or wind,
God send, etc.

A fleet like that in fifty-three,
To re-assert our power at sea,
And make proud Flemings bend their knee,
God send, etc.

Full magazines and cash in store,
That such as wrought his fate before
May hope to do the same no more,
God send, etc

A searching judgement to divine,
Of persons whether they do joyn
For love, for fear, or for design,
God send, etc.

A well-complexion'd Parliament,
That shall (like Englishmen) resent
What loyall subjects underwent,
God send, etc.

Review of statutes lately past,
Made in such heat, pen'd in such hast,
That all events were not forecast,
God send, etc.

Dispatch of businesse, lawes upright,
And favour where it stands with right,
(Be their purses ne'er so light),
God send, etc.

A raven to supply their need,
Whose martyrdom (like noble seed)
Sprung up at length and choak't the weed,
God send, etc.

The King and kingdom 's debts defray'd,
And those of honest men well pay'd,
To which their vertue them betray'd,
God send, etc.

Increase of customes to the King
May our increase of traffick bring,
'Tis that will make the people sing
Long live, etc.

London, printed for Robert Crofts, at the Crown, in Chancery Lane, 1661.

THE CAVALIER'S COMPLAINT.

This and the following ballad, from the King's Pamphlets, British Museum, express the discontent of the Cavaliers at the ingratitude of King Charles to the old supporters of the fortunes of his family.—(March 15th, 1660.)

To the tune of "I tell thee, Dick."

Come, Jack, let's drink a pot of ale,
And I shall tell thee such a tale
Will make thine ears to ring;

My coyne is spent, my time is lost,
And I this only fruit can boast,
That once I saw my King.

But this doth most afflict my mind:
I went to Court in hope to find
Some of my friends in place;
And walking there, I had a sight
Of all the crew, but, by this light!
I hardly knew one face.

'S'life! of so many noble sparkes,
Who on their bodies bear the markes
Of their integritie;
And suffer'd ruine of estate,
It was my damn'd unhappy fate
That I not one could see.

Not one, upon my life, among
My old acquaintance all along
At Truro and before;
And I suppose the place can show
As few of those whom thou didst know
At Yorke or Marston-moore.

But truly there are swarmes of those
Who lately were our chiefest foes,
Of pantaloons and muffes;
Whilst the old rusty Cavaleer
Retires, or dares not once appear,
For want of coyne and cuffes.

When none of these I could descry,
Who better far deserv'd then I,
Calmely I did reflect;

" Old services (by rule of State)
Like almanacks grow out of date,—
What then can I expect?"

Troth! in contempt of Fortune's frown,
I'll get me fairly out of town,
And in a cloyster pray;
That since the starres are yet unkind
To Royallists, the King may find
More faithfull friends than they.

AN ECHO TO THE CAVALIER'S COMPLAINT.

I MARVEL, Dick, that having been
So long abroad, and having seen
The world as thou hast done,
Thou should'st acquaint mee with a tale
As old as Nestor, and as stale
As that of Priest and Nunne.*

Are we to learn what is a Court?
A pageant made for fortune's sport,
Where merits scarce appear;
For bashfull merit only dwells
In camps, in villages, and cells;
Alas! it dwells not there.

* An allusion to a popular old story and song. A copy of the words and tune of "The Fryar and the Nun" is preserved in the valuable collection of ballads in the possession of Mr Thorpe of Piccadilly.—T. W.

Desert is nice in its addresse,
And merit ofttimes doth oppresse
  Beyond what guilt would do ;
But they are sure of their demands
That come to Court with golden hands,
  And brazen faces, too.

The King, they say, doth still professe
To give his party some redresse,
  And cherish honestie ;
But his good wishes prove in vain,
Whose service with his servants' gain
  Not alwayes doth agree.

All princes (be they ne'er so wise)
Are fain to see with others' eyes,
  But seldom hear at all ;
And courtiers find their interest
In time to feather well their nest,
  Providing for their fall.

Our comfort doth on time depend,
Things when they are at worst will mend ;
  And let us but reflect
On our condition th' other day,
When none but tyrants bore the sway,
  What did we then expect ?

Meanwhile a calm retreat is best,
But discontent (if not suppresst)
  Will breed disloyaltie ;
This is the constant note I sing,
I have been faithful to the King,
  And so shall ever be.

London, printed for Robert Crofts, at the Crown, in Chancery Lane, 1661.

A RELATION

Of Ten grand infamous Traytors, who, for their horrid murder and detestable villany against our late soveraigne Lord King Charles the First, that ever blessed martyr, were arraigned, tryed, and executed in the moneth of October, 1660, which in perpetuity will be had in remembrance unto the world's end.

This is one of the Six Ballads of the Restoration found in a trunk, and sent by Sir W. C. Trevelyan to the British Museum. "No measure threw more disgrace on the Restoration," says Mr Wright, "than the prosecution of the regicides; and the heartless and sanguinary manner in which it was conducted tended more than any other circumstance to open the eyes of the people to the real character of the government to which they had been betrayed." Pepys observes on the 20th Oct., "A bloody week this and the last have been; there being ten hanged, drawn, and quartered."

The tune is "Come let us drinke, the time invites."

HEE that can impose a thing,
And shew forth a reason
For what was done against the King,
From the palace to the prison;
Let him here with me recite,
For my pen is bent to write
The horrid facts of treason.

Since there is no learned scribe
Nor arithmaticion
Ever able to decide
The usurp'd base ambition,
Which in truth I shall declare,
Traytors here which lately were,
Who wanted a phisitian.

For the grand disease that bred
  Nature could not weane it;
From the foot unto the head,
  Was putrefacted treason in it;
Doctors could no cure give,
Which made the squire then beleeve
  That he must first begin it.

And the phisick did compose,
  Within a pound of reason;
First to take away the cause,
  Then to purge away the treason,
With a dosse of hemp made up,
Wrought as thickly as a rope,
  And given them in due season.

The doctors did prescribe at last
  To give 'um this potation,
A vomit or a single cast,
  Well deserved, in purgation;
After that to lay them downe,
And bleed a veine in every one,
  As traytors of the nation.

So when first the physicke wrought,
  The thirteenth of October,*
The patient on a sledge was brought,
  Like a rebell and a rover,

* "October 13th. I went out to Charing Cross to see Major-General Harrison hanged, drawn, and quartered, which was done there, he looking as cheerful as any man could do in that condition."—Pepys. Thomas Harrison was the son of a butcher at Newcastle-under-Line; he conveyed Charles I. from Windsor to Whitehall to his trial, and afterwards sat as one of the judges.

To the execution tree;
Where with much dexterity
Was gently turned over.

THE SECOND PART.

To the same tune.

Monday was the fifteenth day,
As Carew then did follow,*
Of whom all men I thinke might say
In tyranny did deeply wallow;
Traytor proved unto the King,
Which made him on the gallowes swing,
And all the people hallow.

Tuesday, after Peters, Cooke,†
Two notorious traytors,
That brought our soveraigne to the blocke,
For which were hang'd and cut in quarters;
'Twas Cooke which wrought the bloody thing
To draw the charge against our King,
That ever blessed martyr.

* "October 15th. This morning Mr Carew was hanged and quartered at Charing Cross; but his quarters, by a great favour, are not to be hanged up."—Pepys. Colonel John Carew, like Harrison, was one of the Fifth-monarchy men, a violent and visionary but honest enthusiast.

† Hugh Peters, for his zeal in encouraging the Commonwealth soldiery, was particularly hated by the Royalists. John Coke, the able lawyer, conducted the prosecution of the King.

Next, on Wednesday, foure came,
For murthur all imputed,
There to answer for the same,
Which in judgement were confuted.
Gregorie Clement, Jones, and Scot,
And Scroop together, for a plot,*
Likewise were executed.

Thursday past, and Friday then,
To end the full conclusion,
And make the traytors just up ten,
That day were brought to execution,
Hacker and proud Axtell he,†
At Tyburne for their treachery
Received their absolution.

Being against the King and States,
The Commons all condemn'd 'um,
And their quarters on the gates
Hangeth for a memorandum

* Gregory Clement, John Jones, Thomas Scott, and Adrian Scrope, were charged with sitting in the High Court of Justice which tried the King. Scott was further charged with having, during the sitting of the Rump Parliament, expressed his approbation of the sentence against the King. Colonel Scrope, although he had been admitted to pardon, was selected as one of the objects of vengeance, and was condemned chiefly on a reported conversation, in which, when one person had strongly blamed what he called the "murder" of the King, Scrope observed, "Some are of one opinion, and some of another."

† "October 19th. This morning Hacker and Axtell were hanged and quartered, as the rest are."—Pepys. Colonel Francis Hacker commanded the guards at the King's execution. Axtell was captain of the guard of the High Court of Justice at which the King was tried.

'Twixt the heavens and the earth;
Traytors are so little worth,
To dust and smoake wee'l send 'um.

Let now October warning make
To bloody-minded traytors,
That never phisicke more they take,
For in this moneth they lost their quarters;
Being so against the King,
Which to murther they did bring,
The ever blessed martyr.

London, printed for Fr. Coles, T. Vere, M. Wright, and W. Gilbertson.

THE GLORY OF THESE NATIONS;

OR, KING AND PEOPLES HAPPINESSE. BEING A BRIEF RELATION OF KING CHARLES'S ROYALL PROGRESSE FROM DOVER TO LONDON, HOW THE LORD GENERALL AND THE LORD MAYOR, WITH ALL THE NOBILITY AND GENTRY OF THE LAND, BROUGHT HIM THOROW THE FAMOUS CITY OF LONDON TO HIS PALLACE AT WESTMINSTER, THE 29TH OF MAY LAST, BEING HIS MAJESTIES BIRTH-DAY, TO THE GREAT COMFORT OF HIS LOYALL SUBJECTS.

One of the six curious broadsides found by Sir W. C. Trevelyan in the lining of a trunk, and now in the British Museum.

The new Parliament met on the twenty-fifth of April, and on the first of May the King's letter from Breda was read, and the Restoration determined by a vote of the House. The King immediately repaired to the coast, and, after meeting with some obstruction from the roughness of the weather, went on

board the *Nazeby* on the 23rd of May. On the 25th he landed at Dover. He made his entry into London on the 29th.

To the tune of "When the King enjoys his own again."

WHERE'S those that did prognosticate,
And did envy fair England's state,
And said King Charles no more should reign?
Their predictions were but in vain,
For the King is now return'd,
For whom fair England mourn'd;
His nobles royally him entertain.
Now blessed be the day!
Thus do his subjects say,
That God hath brought him home again.

The twenty-second of lovely May
At Dover arrived, fame doth say,
Where our most noble generall
Did on his knees before him fall,
Craving to kiss his hand,
So soon as he did land.
Royally they did him entertain,
With all their pow'r and might,
To bring him to his right,
And place him in his own again.

Then the King, I understand,
Did kindly take him by the hand
And lovingly did him embrace,
Rejoycing for to see his face.
Hee lift him from the ground
With joy that did abound,
And graciously did him entertain;
Rejoycing that once more
He was o'th' English shore,
To enjoy his own in peace again.

From Dover to Canterbury they past,
And so to Cobham-hall at last;
From thence to London march amain,
With a triumphant and glorious train,
  Where he was received with joy,
  His sorrow to destroy,
In England once more for to raign;
  Now all men do sing,
  God save Charles our King,
That now enjoyes his own again.

At Deptford the maidens they
Stood all in white by the high-way
Their loyalty to Charles to show,
They with sweet flowers his way to strew.
  Each wore a ribbin blew,
  They were of comely hue,
With joy they did him entertain,
  With acclamations to the skye
  As the King passed by,
For joy that he receives his own again.

In Wallworth-fields a gallant band
Of London 'prentices did stand,
All in white dublets very gay,
To entertain King Charles that day,
  With muskets, swords, and pike;
  I never saw the like,
Nor a more youthfull gallant train;
  They up their hats did fling,
  And cry, "God save the King!
Now he enjoys his own again."

At Newington-Buts the Lord Mayor willed
A famous booth for to be builded,
Where King Charles did make a stand,
And received the sword into his hand;
  Which his Majesty did take,
  And then returned back
Unto the Mayor with love again.
  A banquet they him make,
  He doth thereof partake,
Then marcht his triumphant train.

The King with all his noblemen,
Through Southwark they marched then;
First marched Major Generall Brown,*
Then Norwich Earle of great renown,†
  With many a valiant knight
  And gallant men of might,
Richly attired, marching amain,
  There Lords Mordin, Gerard, and
  The good Earle of Cleavland,‡
To bring the King to his own again.

* Richard Brown, one of Cromwell's Major-generals, Governor of Abingdon, and member for London in the Long Parliament. He had been imprisoned by the Rump.

† The Earl of Norwich was George Lord Goring, who, with his son, acted a prominent part in the Civil Wars. He was created Earl of Norwich in 1644.

‡ John Mordaunt, son of the Earl of Peterborough, celebrated for his exertions to raise insurrections for the King during the Protectorate, was one of the bearers of the letters of the King to Monck. He was created Baron Mordaunt, July 10, 1659. Charles Lord Gerard, afterwards created Earl of Macclesfield, was a very distinguished Royalist officer. Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Cleveland, who had suffered much for his loyalty to

Near sixty flags and streamers then
Was born before a thousand men,
In plush coats and chaines of gold,
These were most rich for to behold;
With every man his page,
The glory of his age;
With courage bold they marcht amain,
Then with gladnesse they
Brought the King on his way
For to enjoy his own again.

Then Lichfields and Darbyes Earles,*
Two of fair England's royall pearles;
Major Generall Massey then
Commanded the life guard of men,
The King for to defend,
If any should contend,
Or seem his comming to restrain;
But also joyfull were
That no such durst appear,
Now the King enjoyes his own again.

Four rich maces before them went,
And many heralds well content;
The Lord Mayor and the generall
Did march before the King withall.

Charles I., headed a body of three hundred noblemen and gentlemen in the triumphal procession of Charles II. into London.

* Charles Stuart, a gallant Royalist officer, who had been created Earl of Litchfield by Charles I. in 1645, and who immediately after the Restoration succeeded his cousin Esme Stuart as Duke of Richmond. Charles Stanley, Earl of Derby, was son of the Earl of Derby who was beheaded after the battle of Worcester, and of the Countess who so gallantly defended Latham House in 1644.

His brothers on each side
Along by him did ride;
The Southwark-waits did play amain,
Which made them all to smile
And to stand still awhile,
And then they marched on again.

Then with drawn swords all men did side,
And flourishing the same, then cryed,
"Charles the Second now God save,
That he his lawfull right may have!
And we all on him attend,
From dangers him to defend,
And all that with him doth remain.
Blessed be God that we
Did live these days to see,
That the King enjoyes his own again!"

The bells likewise did loudly ring,
Bonefires did burn and people sing;
London conduits did run with wine,
And all men do to Charles incline;
Hoping now that all
Unto their trades may fall,
Their famylies for to maintain,
And from wrong be free,
'Cause we have liv'd to see
The King enjoy his own again.

London, printed for Charles Tyns, on London Bridge.

THE NOBLE PROGRESS,

OR,

A TRUE RELATION OF THE LORD GENERAL MONK'S POLITICAL PROCEEDINGS.

The Noble Progresse, or a True Relation of the Lord General Monk's Political Proceedings with the Rump, the calling in the secluded Members, their transcendant vote for his sacred Majesty, with his reception at Dover, and royal conduct through the City of London to his famous Palace at Whitehall. One of the broadsides in the British Museum, found in the lining of an old trunk by Sir W. C. Trevelyan.

Tune—"When first the Scottish wars began."

Good people, hearken to my call,
I'le tell you all what did befall
And hapned of late;
Our noble valiant General Monk
Came to the Rump, who lately stunk
With their council of state.
Admiring what this man would doe,
His secret mind there's none could know,
They div'd into him as much as they could,—
George would not be won with their silver nor gold:
The sectarian saints at this lookt blew,
With all the rest of the factious crew,
They vapour'd awhile, and were in good hope,
But now they have nothing left but the rope.

Another invention then they sought,
Which long they wrought for to be brought
To claspe him with they;
Quoth Vane and Scot, I'le tell you what,
Wee'l have a plot and he shall not,
Wee'l carry the sway:

Let's vote him a thousand pound a yeare,
And Hampton Court for him and his Heire.
Indeed, quoth George, ye're Free Parliament men
To cut a thong out of another man's skin.
The sectarian, etc.

They sent him then with all his hosts
To break our posts and raise our ghosts,
Which was their intent;
To cut our gates and chain all downe
Unto the ground—this trick they found
To make him be shent:
This plot the Rump did so accord
To cast an odium on my lord,
But in the task he was hard put untoo't,
'Twas enough to infect both his horse and his foot,
The sectarian, etc.

But when my lord perceived that night
What was their spight, he brought to light
Their knaveries all;
This Parliament of forty-eight,
Which long did wait, came to him straight,
To give them a fall,
And some phanatical people knew
That George would give them their fatall due;
Indeed he did requite them agen,
For he pul'd the Monster out of his den.
The sectarian, etc.

To the House our worthy Parliament
With good intent they boldly went
To vote home the King,

And many hundred people more
Stood at the doore, and waited for
Good tidings to bring;
Yet some in the House had their hands much in blood,
And in great opposition like traytors they stood;
But yet I believe it is very well known
That those that were for him were twenty to one.
But the sectarian, etc.

They call'd the League and Covenant in
To read again to every man;
But what comes next?
All sequestrations null be void,
The people said none should be paid,
For this was the text.
For, as I heard all the people say,
They voted King Charles the first of May;
Bonfires burning, bells did ring,
And our streets did echo with God bless ye King.
At this the sectarian, etc.

Our general then to Dover goes,
In spite of foes or deadly blowes,
Saying Vive le Roy;
And all the glories of the land,
At his command they there did stand
In triumph and joy.
Good Lord, what a sumptuous sight 'twas to see
Our good Lord General fall on his knee
To welcome home his Majestie,
And own his sacred sovereignty.
But the sectarian, etc.

When all the worthy noble train
Came back again with Charlemain,
Our sovereign great:
The Lord Mayor in his scarlet gown,
His chain so long, went through the town
In pompe and state.
The livery-men each line the way
Upon this great triumphant day;
Five rich maces carried before,
And my Lord himselfe the sword he bore.
Then Vive le Roy the gentry did sing,
For General Monk rode next to the King;
With acclamations, shouts, and cryes,
I thought they would have rent the skyes.

The conduits, ravished with joy,
As I may say, did run all day
Great plenty of wine;
And every gentleman of note
In's velvet coat that could be got
In glory did shine.
There were all the peeres and barrons bold,
Richly clad in silver and gold,
Marched through the street so brave,
No greater pompe a king could have.
At this the sacristan, etc.

And thus conducted all along
Throughout the throng, still he did come
Unto White Hall;
Attended by those noble-men,
Bold heroes' kin that brought him in
With the generall;
Who was the man that brought him home
And placed him on his royal throne;—

'Twas General Monk did doe the thing,
So God preserve our gracious King.
Now the sacristan, etc.

ON THE KING'S RETURN.

By Alex. Brome.

Long have we waited for a happy end
Of all our miseries and strife;—
But still in vain;—the swordmen did intend
To make them hold for term of life:
That our distempers might be made
Their everlasting livelihood and trade.

They entail their swords and guns,
And pay, which wounded more,
Upon their daughters and their sons,
Thereby to keep us ever poor.

But when the Civil Wars were past,
They civil government invade,
To make our taxes and our slavery last,
Both to their titles and their trade.

But now we are redeem'd from all
By our indulgent King,
Whose coming does prevent our fall,
With loyal and with joyful hearts we'll sing:

CHORUS.

Welcome, welcome, royal May,
Welcome, long-desired Spring.
Many Springs and Mays we've seen,
Have brought forth what's gay and green;
But none is like this glorious day,
Which brings forth our gracious King.

THE BRAVE BARBARY.

A Ballad by Alex. Brome.

Old England is now a brave Barbary made,
And every one has an ambition to ride her;
King Charles was a horseman that long used the trade,
But he rode in a snaffle, and that could not guide her.

Then the hungry Scot comes with spur and with switch,
And would teach her to run a Geneva career;
His grooms were all Puritan, Traytor, and Witch,
But she soon threw them down with their pedlary geer.

The Long Parliament next came all to the block,
And they this untameable palfrey would ride;

But she would not bear all that numerous flock,
At which they were fain themselves to divide.

Jack Presbyter first gets the steed by the head,
While the reverend Bishops had hold of the bridle;
Jack said through the nose they their flockes did not feed,
But sat still on the beast and grew aged and idle.

And then comes the Rout, with broom-sticks inspired,
And pull'd down their graces, their sleeves, and their train;
And sets up Sir Jack, who the beast quickly tyr'd
With a journey to Scotland and thence back again.

Jack rode in a doublet, with a yoke of prick-ears,
A cursed splay-mouth and a Covenant spur,
Rides switching and spurring with jealousies and fears,
Till the poor famish'd beast was not able to stir.

Next came th' Independent—a dev'lish designer,
And got himself call'd by a holier name—
Makes Jack to unhorse, for he was diviner,
And would make her travel as far's Amsterdam.

But Nol, a rank-rider, gets first in the saddle,
And made her show tricks, and curvate, and rebound;

She quickly perceived that he rode widdle waddle,
And like his coach-horses threw his Highness
to ground.

Then Dick, being lame, rode holding by the pummel,
Not having the wit to get hold of the rein;
But the jade did so snort at the sight of a Cromwell,
That poor Dick and his kindred turn'd footmen
again.

Next Fleetwood and Vane with their rascally
pack,
Would every one put their feet in the stirrup;
But they pull'd the saddle quite off of her back,
And were all got under her before they were
up.

At last the King mounts her, and then she stood
still;
As his Bucephalus, proud of this rider,
She cheerfully yields to his power and skill
Who is careful to feed her, and skilful to guide
her.

A CATCH.

By Alex. Brome. A.D. 1660.

Let's leave off our labour, and now let's go play,
For this is our time to be jolly;

Our plagues and our plaguers are both fled away,
To nourish our griefs is but folly:
He that won't drink and sing
Is a traytor to's King,
And so he that does not look twenty years younger;
We'll look blythe and trim
With rejoicing at him
That is the restorer and will be the prolonger
Of all our felicity and health,
The joy of our hearts, and increase of our wealth.
'Tis he brings our trading, our trading brings riches,
Our riches brings honour, at which every mind itches,
And our riches bring sack, and our sack brings us joy,
And our joy makes us leap and sing,
Vive le Roy!

THE TURN-COAT.

By Samuel Butler. 1661.

Several lines in this song were incorporated in the better-known ballad of the Vicar of Bray, said by Nichols in his Select Poems to have been written by a soldier in Colonel Fuller's troop of dragoons, in the reign of George I. Butler's ballad, though unpublished, must therefore have been known at the time.

To the tune of "London is a fine town."

I LOVED no King since forty-one,
When Prelacy went down;

A cloak and band I then put on
And preach'd against the crown.
A turn-coat is a cunning man
That cants to admiration,
And prays for any king to gain
The people's approbation.

I show'd the paths to heaven untrod,
From Popery to refine 'em,
And taught the people to serve God,
As if the Devil were in 'em.
A turn-coat, etc.

When Charles return'd into our land,
The English Church supporter,
I shifted off my cloak and band,
And so became a courtier.
A turn-coat, etc.

The King's religion I profest,
And found there was no harm in 't;
I cogg'd and flatter'd like the rest,
Till I had got preferment.
A turn-coat, etc.

I taught my conscience how to cope
With honesty or evil;
And when I rail'd against the Pope
I sided with the Devil.
A turn-coat, etc.

THE CLARET DRINKER'S SONG,

OR

THE GOOD FELLOW'S DESIGN.

Being a pleasant song of the times, written by a person of quality.—From the Roxburgh Ballads, Vol. iii.

Wine the most powerfull'st of all things on earth,
Which stifles cares and sorrows in their birth;
No treason in it harbours, nor can hate
Creep in when it bears sway, to hurt the State.
Though storms grow high, so wine is to be got,
We are secure, their rage we value not;
The Muses cherish'd up such nectar, sing
Eternal joy to him that loves the King.

To the tune of "Let Cæsar live long."

A POX of the fooling and plotting of late,
What a pudder and stir has it kept in the State!
Let the rabble run mad with suspicions and fears,
Let 'em scuffle and rail till they go by the ears,—
Their grievances never shall trouble my pate,
So I but enjoy my dear bottle at quiet.

What coxcombs were those that would ruin their case
And their necks for a toy, a thin wafer, and mass!
For at Tyburn they never had needed to swing
Had they been but true subjects to drink and their King:
A friend and a bottle is all my design,—
He's no room for treason that's top-full of wine.

I mind not the members and makers of laws,
Let them sit or prorogue as his Majesty please;
Let 'em damn us to Woolen, I'le never repine
At my usage when dead, so alive I have wine;

Yet oft in my drink I can hardly forbear
To blame them for making my claret so dear.

I mind not grave allies who idly debate
About rights and successions, the trifles of State;
We've a good King already, and he deserves laughter
That will trouble his head with who shall come after:
Come, here's to his health! and I wish he may be
As free from all cares and all troubles as we.

SECOND PART.

What care I how leagues with Hollanders go,
Or intrigues 'twixt Mounsieurs or Dons for to?
What concerns it my drinking if cities be sold,
If the conqueror takes them by storming or gold?
From whence claret comes is the place that I mind,
And when the fleet's coming I pray for a wind.

The bully of France that aspires to renown
By dull cutting of throats, and by venturing his own;
Let him fight till he's ruined, make matches, and treat,
To afford us still news, the dull coffee-house cheat:
He's but a brave wretch, whilst that I am more free,
More safe, and a thousand times happier than he.

In spite of him, or the Pope, or the Devil,
Or faggot, or fire, or the worst of hell's evil,

I still will drink healths to the lovers of wine,
Those jovial, brisk blades that do never repine;
I'll drink in defiance of napkin or halter,
Tho' religion turn round still, yet mine shall ne'er alter.

But a health to good fellows shall still be my care,
And whilst wine it holds out, no bumpers we'll spare.
I'll subscribe to petitions for nothing but claret,
That that may be cheap, here's both my hands for it;
'Tis my province, and with it I only am pleased,
With the rest, scolding wives let poor cuckolds appease.

No doubt 'tis the best of all drinks, or so soon
It ne'er had been chose by the Man in the Moon,*
Who drinks nothing else, both by night and by day
But claret, brisk claret, and most people say,
Whilst glasses brimful to the stars they go round,
Which makes them shine brighter with red juice still crown'd.

For all things in Nature doe live by good drinking,
And he's a dull fool, and not worthy my thinking,
That does not prefer it before all the treasure
The Indies contain, or the sea without measure;
'Tis the life of good fellows, for without it they pine,
When nought can revive them but brimmers of wine.

* The Nursery Rhyme, "The Man in the Moon drinks claret."

I know the refreshments that still it does bring,
Which have oftentimes made us as great as a king
In the midst of his armies where'er he is found,
Whilst the bottles and glasses I've muster'd round;
Who are Bacchus' warriors a conquest will gain
Without the least bloodshed, or wounded, or slain.

Then here's a good health to all those that love peace,
Let plotters be damn'd and all quarrels now cease
Let me but have wine and I care for no more,
'Tis a treasure sufficient; there's none can be poor
That has Bacchus to's friend, for he laughs at all harm,
Whilst with high-proofed claret he does himself arm.

Printed for J. Jordan, at the Angel, Giltspur Street.

THE LOYAL SUBJECTS' HEARTY WISHES TO KING CHARLES II.

From Sir W. C. Trevelyan's Broadsides in the British Museum.

He that write these verses certainly
Did serve his royal father faithfully,
Likewise himself he served at Worcester fight,
And for his loyalty was put to flight.

But had he a haid of hair like Absolom,
And every hair as strong as was Samson,
I'd venture all for Charles the Second's sake,
And for his Majesty my life forsake.

To the tune "When Cannons are roaring."

FIRST PART.

TRUE subjects, all rejoice
After long sadness,
And now with heart and voice
Show forth your gladness.
That to King Charles were true
And rebels hated,
This song only to you
Is dedicated;
For Charles our sovereign dear
Is safe returned
True subjects' hearts to cheer,
That long have mourned:
Then let us give God praise
That doth defend him,
And pray with heart and voice,
Angels, attend him.

The dangers he hath past
From vile usurpers
Now bring him joy at last,
Although some lurkers
Did seek his blood to spill
By actions evil;
But God we see is still
Above the Devil:
Though many serpents hiss
Him to devour,
God his defender is
By His strong power:

Then let us give him praise
That doth defend him,
And sing with heart and voice,
Angels, defend him.

The joy that he doth bring,
If true confessed,
The tongues of mortal men
Cannot confess it;
He cures our drooping fears,
Being long tormented,
And his true Cavaliers
Are well contented;
For now the Protestant
Again shall flourish;
The King our nursing father
He will us cherish:
Then let us give God praise
That did defend him,
And sing with heart and voice,
Angels, attend him.

Like Moses, he is meek
And tender-hearted;
And by all means doth seek
To have foes converted;
But, like the Israelites,
There are a number
That for his love to them
'Gainst him doth murmur:
Read Exodus,—'tis true
The Israelites rather
Yield to the Egyptian crew
Than Moses their father:

So many phanaticks,
With hearts disloyal,
Their hearts and minds do fix
'Gainst our King royal.

SECOND PART.

Like holy David, he
Past many troubles,
And by his constancy
His joys redoubles;
For now he doth bear sway
By God appointed,
For Holy Writ doth say,
Touch not mine Anointed.
He is God's anointed sure,
Who still doth guide him
In all his wayes most pure,
Though some divide him.
Then let us give God praise
That doth defend him,
And sing with heart and voice,
Angels, attend him.

Many there are, we know,
Within this nation,
Lip-love to him do show
In 'simulation;
Of such vile hereticks
There are a number,
Whose hearts and tongues, we know,
Are far asunder;

Some do pray for the King
  Being constrained;
Who lately against him
  Greatly complained;
They turn both seat and seam
  To cheat poor tailors,
But the fit place for them
  Is under strong jailors.

Let the King's foes admire
  Who do reject him;
Seeing God doth him inspire,
  And still direct him,
To heal those evil sores,
  And them to cure
By his most gracious hand
  And prayers pure.
Though simple people say
  Doctors do as much,
None but our lawful King
  Can cure with a touch;
As plainly hath been seen
  Since he returned,—
Many have cured been
  Which long have mourned.

The poorest wretch that hath
  This evil, sure
May have ease from the King
  And perfect cure;
His Grace is meek and wise,
  Loving and civil,
And to his enemies
  Doth good for evil;

For some that were his foes
  Were by him healed;
His liberal cause to bless
  Is not concealed;
He heals both poor and rich
  By God's great power,
And his most gracious touch
  Doth them all cure.

Then blush, you infidels,
  That late did scorn him;
And you that did rebel,
  Crave pardon of him;
With speed turn a new leaf
  For your transgresses;
Hear what the preacher sayes
  In Ecclesiastes,—
The Scripture's true, and shall
  Ever be taught;
Curse not the King at all,
  No, not in thy thought:
And holy Peter
  Two commandments doth bring,—
Is first for to fear God,
  And then honour the King.

When that we had no King
  To guide the nation,
Opinions up did spring
  By toleration;
And many heresies
  Were then advanced,
And cruel liberties
  By old Noll granted.

Even able ministers
  Were not esteemed;
Many false prophets
  Good preachers were deemed.
The Church some hated;
  A barn, house, or stable
Would serve the Quakers,
  With their wicked rabble.

And now for to conclude:
  The God of power
Preserve and guide our King
  Both day and hour;
That he may rule and reign
  Our hearts to cherish;
And on his head, good Lord,
  Let his crown flourish.
Let his true subjects sing
  With hearts most loyal,
God bless and prosper still
  Charles our King royal.
So now let's give God praise
  That doth defend him,
And sing with heart and voice,
  Angels defend him.

London, printed for John Andrews, at the White Lion, near Pye-Court.

KING CHARLES THE SECOND'S RESTORATION, 29TH MAY.

Tune, "Where have you been, my lovely sailor bold?"

You brave loyal Churchmen,
That ever stood by the crown,
Have you forgot that noble prince
Great Charles of high renown,
That from his rights was banish'd
By Presbyterians, who
Most cruelly his father kill'd?—
O cursed, damned crew!
So let the bells in steeples ring,
And music sweetly play,
That loyal Tories mayn't forget
The twenty-ninth of May.

Twelve years was he banish'd
From what was his just due,
And forced to hide in fields and woods
From Presbyterian crew;
But God did preserve him,
As plainly you do see,
The blood-hounds did surround the oak
While he was in the tree.
So let, etc.

As Providence would have it,
The hounds did lose their scent;

To spill the blood of this brave prince
It was their whole intent.
While that he was in exile,
The Church they pull'd down,
The Common-prayer they burnt, sir,
And trampled on the crown.
So let, etc.

They plunder'd at their pleasure,
On lords' estates they seiz'd,
The bishops they did send away,
They did just as they pleas'd.
But General Monk at last rose up,
With valiant heart so bold,
Saying, that he no longer
By them would be controul'd.
So let, etc.

So in great splendour
At last he did bring in,
Unto every Torie's joy,
Great Charles our sovereign.
Then loyal hearts so merry
The royal oak did wear,
While balconies with tapestry hung—
Nothing but joy was there.
So let, etc.

The conduits they with wine did run,
The bonfires did blaze,
In every street likewise the skies
Did ring with loud huzzas,—
Saying, God bless our sovereign,
And send him long to reign,

Hoping the P——n crew
May never rule again.
So let, etc.

Soon as great Charles
Our royal King was crown'd,
He built the Church up again,
The meetings were pull'd down.
No canting then was in the land,
The subjects were at peace,
The Church again did flourish,
And joy did then increase.
So let, etc.

The cursed Presbyterian crew
Was then put to the flight,
Some did fly by day,
And others run by night.
In barns and stables they did cant,
And every place they could;
He made them remember
The spilling royal blood.
So let, etc.

May God for ever
Bless the Church and Crown,
And never let any subject strive
The King for to dethrone.
May Churchmen ever flourish,
And peace increase again;
God for ever bless the King,
And send him long to reign.
So let, etc.

THE JUBILEE,

OR

THE CORONATION DAY.

From Thomas Jordan's "*Royal Arbor of Loyal Poesie*," 12mo, 1664. Mr Chappell states—"As this consists of only two stanzas, and the copy of the book, which is now in the possession of Mr Payne Collier, is probably unique, they are here subjoined."

Let every man with tongue and pen
Rejoice that Charles is come agen,
To gain his sceptre and his throne,
And give to every man his own;
Let all men that be
Together agree,
And freely now express their joy;
Let your sweetest voices bring
Pleasant songs unto the King,
To crown his Coronation Day.

All that do thread on English earth
Shall live in freedom, peace, and mirth;
The golden times are come that we
Did one day think we ne'er should see;
Protector and Rump
Did put us in a dump,
When they their colours did display;
But the time is come about,
We are in, and they are out,
By King Charles his Coronation Day.

THE KING ENJOYS HIS OWN AGAIN.

(1661.)—From Hogg's Jacobite Relics.

Whigs are now such precious things,
We see there's not one to be found;
All roar "God bless and save the King!"
And his health goes briskly all day round.
To the soldier, cap in hand, the sneaking rascals stand,
And would put in for honest men;
But the King he well knows his friends from his foes,
And now he enjoys his own again.

From this plot's first taking air,
Like lightning all the Whigs have run;
Nay, they've left their topping square,
To march off with our eldest son:
They've left their 'states and wives to save their precious lives,
Yet who can blame their flying, when
'Twas plain to them all, the great and the small,
That the King would have his own again?

This may chance a warning be
(If e'er the saints will warning take)
To leave off hatching villany,
Since they've seen their brother at the stake:
And more must mounted be (which God grant we may see),
Since juries now are honest men:
And the King lets them swing with a hey ding a ding,
Great James enjoys his own again.

Since they have voted that his Guards
A nuisance were, which now they find,
Since they stand between the King
And the treason that such dogs design'd;
'Tis they will you maul, though it cost them a fall,
In spight of your most mighty men;
For now they are alarm'd, and all Loyalists well arm'd,
Since the King enjoys his own again.

To the King, come, bumpers round,
Let's drink, my boys, while life doth last:
He that at the core's not sound
Shall be kick'd out without a taste.
We'll fear no disgrace, but look traitors in the face,
Since we're case-harden'd, honest men;
Which makes their crew mad, but us loyal hearts full glad,
That the King enjoys his own again.

A COUNTRY SONG, INTITULED THE RESTORATION.

(May, 1661.)—From the twentieth volume of the folio broadsides, King's Pamphlets.

Come, come away
To the temple, and pray,
And sing with a pleasant strain;
The schismatick's dead,
The liturgy's read,
And the King enjoyes his own again.

The vicar is glad,
The clerk is not sad,
And the parish cannot refrain
To leap and rejoyce
And lift up their voyce,
That the King enjoyes his own again.

The country doth bow
To old justices now,
That long aside have been lain;
The bishop's restored,
God is rightly adored,
And the King enjoyes his own again.

Committee-men fall,
And majors-generall,
No more doe those tyrants reign;
There's no sequestration,
Nor new decimation,
For the King enjoyes the sword again.

The scholar doth look
With joy on his book,
Tom whistles and plows amain;
Soldiers plunder no more
As they did heretofore,
For the King enjoyes the sword again.

The citizens trade,
The merchants do lade,
And send their ships into Spain;
No pirates at sea
To make them a prey,
For the King enjoyes the sword again.

The old man and boy,
The clergy and lay,
Their joyes cannot contain;
'Tis better than of late
With the Church and the State,
Now the King enjoyes the sword again.

Let's render our praise
For these happy dayes
To God and our soveraign;
Your drinking give ore,
Swear not as before,
For the King bears not the sword in vain.

Fanaticks, be quiet,
And keep a good diet,
To cure your crazy brain;
Throw off your disguise,
Go to church and be wise,
For the King bears not the sword in vain.

Let faction and pride
Be now laid aside,
That truth and peace may reign;
Let every one mend,
And there is an end,
For the King bears not the sword in vain.

HERE'S A HEALTH UNTO HIS MAJESTY.

There is only one verse to this Song. The music is arranged for three voices in "Playford's Musical Companion, 1667."

HERE'S a health unto his Majesty,
With a fal la la la la la la,
Confusion to his enemies,
With a fal lal la la la la la la.
And he that will not drink his health,
I wish him neither wit nor wealth,
Nor but a rope to hang himself.
With a fal lal la la la la la la la,
With a fal lal la la la la la.

THE WHIGS DROWNED IN AN HONEST TORY HEALTH.

From Col. 180 Loyal Songs.

Tune, "Hark, the thundering cannons roar."

WEALTH breeds care, love, hope, and fear;
What does love or bus'ness here?
While Bacchus' navy doth appear,
Fight on and fear not sinking;
Fill it briskly to the brim,
Till the flying top-sails swim,
We owe the first discovery to him
Of this great world of drinking.

Brave Cabals, who states refine,
Mingle their debates with wine,
Ceres and the god o' th' vine
  Make every great commander;
Let sober Scots small beer subdue,
The wise and valiant wine do woo,
The Stagerite had the horrors too,
  To be drunk with Alexander.

Stand to your arms! and now advance,
A health to the English King of France;
And to the next of boon esperance,
  By Bacchus and Apollo;
Thus in state I lead the van,
Fall in your place by the right-hand man,
Beat drum! march on! dub a dub, ran dan!
  He's a Whig that will not follow.

Face about to the right again,
Britain's admiral of the main,
York and his illustrious train
  Crown the day's conclusion;
Let a halter stop his throat
Who brought in the foremost vote,
And of all that did promote
  The mystery of exclusion.

Next to Denmark's warlike prince
Let the following health commence,
To the nymph whose influence
  That brought the hero hither;—

May their race the tribe annoy,
Who the Grandsire would destroy,
And get every year a boy
  Whilst they live together.

To the royal family
Let us close in bumpers three,
May the ax and halter be
  The pledge of every Roundhead;
To all loyal hearts pursue,
Who to the monarch dare prove true;
But for him they call True Blue,
  Let him be confounded.

THE CAVALIER.

By Alex. Brome.—(1661-2.)

We have ventured our estates,
  And our liberties and lives,
For our master and his mates,
And been toss'd by cruel fates
  Where the rebellious Devil drives,
  So that not one of ten survives;
    We have laid all at stake
    For his Majesty's sake;
    We have fought, we have paid,
    We've been sold and betray'd,
And tumbled from nation to nation;
    But now those are thrown down
    That usurped the Crown,

Our hopes were that we
All rewarded should be,
But we're paid with a Proclamation.

Now the times are turn'd about,
And the rebels' race is run;
That many-headed beast the Rout,
That did turn the Father out,
When they saw they were undone,
Were for bringing in the son.
That phanatical crew,
Which made us all rue,
Have got so much wealth
By their plunder and stealth
That they creep into profit and power:
And so come what will,
They'll be uppermost still;
And we that are low
Shall still be kept so,
While those domineer and devour.

Yet we will be loyal still,
And serve without reward or hire:
To be redeem'd from so much ill,
May stay our stomachs, though not still,
And if our patience do not tire,
We may in time have our desire.

THE LAMENTATION OF A BAD MARKET,

OR

THE DISBANDED SOULDIER.

(July 17th, 1660.)—From the King's Pamphlets, British Museum.

This ballad relates to the disbanding of the Parliamentary army. Contrary, however, to what is pretended in it, says Mr. Wright, in his volume printed for the Percy Society, the writers of the time mention with admiration the good conduct of the soldiers after they were disbanded, each betaking himself to some honest trade or calling, with as much readiness as if he had never been employed in any other way. Not many weeks before the date of the present ballad, a prose tract had been published, with the same title, "The Lamentation of a Bad Market, or Knaves and Fools foully foyled, and fallen into a Pit of their own digging," &c. March 21st, 1659-60.

In red-coat raggs attired,
I wander up and down,
Since fate and foes conspired,
Thus to array me,
Or betray me
To the harsh censure of the town.
My buffe doth make me boots, my velvet coat and scarlet,
Which used to do me credit with many a wicked harlot,
Have bid me all adieu, most despicable varlet!
Alas, poor souldier, whither wilt thou march?

I've been in France and Holland,
Guided by my starrs;
I've been in Spain and Poland,

I've been in Hungarie,
In Greece and Italy,
And served them in all their wars.
Britain these eighteen years has known my desperate slaughter,
I've killed ten at one blow, even in a fit of laughter,
Gone home again and smiled, and kiss'd my landlor's daughter;
Alas! poor souldier, etc.

My valour prevailed,
Meeting with my foes,
Which strongly we assailed;
Oh! strange I wondred,
They were a hundred;
Yet I routed them with few blowes.
This fauchion by my side has kill'd more men, I'll swear it,
Than Ajax ever did, alas! he ne'er came near it,
Yea, more than Priam's boy, or all that ere did hear it.
Alas! poor souldier, etc.

For King and Parliament
I was Prester John.
Devout was my intent;
I haunted meetings,
Used zealous greetings,
Crept full of devotion;
Smectymnuus won me first, then holy Nye prevail,*

* Philip Nye.

Then Captain Kiffin* slops me with John of Leyden's tail,
Then Fox and Naylor bangs me with Jacob Beamond's flail.†
Alas! poor souldier, etc.

I did about this nation
Hold forth my gifts and teach,
Maintained the tolleration;
The common story
And Directory
I damn'd with the word "preach."
Time was when all trades failed, men counterfeitly zealous.

* William Kiffin was a celebrated preacher of this time, and had been an officer in the Parliamentary army. A little before the publication of the present ballad a tract had appeared, with the title, "The Life and Approaching Death of William Kiffin. Extracted out of the Visitation Book by a Church Member." 4to, London, March 13, 1659-60. He is here said to have been originally 'prentice to a glover, and to have been in good credit with Cromwell, who made him a lieutenant-colonel. He appears to have been busy among the sectaries at the period of the Restoration. He is thus mentioned in a satirical pamphlet of that time, entitled "Select City Quæries:"—"Whether the Anabaptists' late manifesto can be said to be forged, false, and scandalous (as Politicus terms it), it being well known to be writ by one of Kiffin's disciples; and whether the author thereof or Politicus may be accounted the greater incendiary?"—T. W.

† Fox and Naylor were the founders of the sect of Quakers. Naylor, in particular, was celebrated as an enthusiast. Jacob Boehmen, or Behmen, was a celebrated German visionary and enthusiast, who lived at the end of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth centuries, and the founder of a sect.

Turn'd whining, snievling praters, or kept a country ale-house,
Got handsome wives, turn'd cuckolds, howe'er were very jealous.
Alas! poor souldier, etc.

The world doth know me well,
I ne're did peace desire,
Because I could not tell
Of what behaviour
I should savour
In a field of thundring fire.
When we had murdered King, confounded Church and State,
Divided parks and forests, houses, money, plate,
We then did peace desire, to keep what he had gat.
Alas! poor souldier, etc.

Surplice was surplisage,
We voted right or wrong,
Within that furious age,
Of the painted glass,
Or pictured brass,
And liturgie we made a song.
Bishops, and bishops' lands, were superstitious words,
Until in souldiers' hands, and so were kings and lords,
But in fashion now again in spight of all our swords.
Alas! poor souldier, etc.

Some say I am forsaken
By the great men of these times,
And they're no whit mistaken;

It is my fate
To be out of date,
My masters most are guilty of such crimes.
Like an old Almanack, I now but represent
How long since Edge-Hill fight, or the rising was in Kent,
Or since the dissolution of the first Long Parliament.
Alas! poor souldier, etc.

Good sirs, what shall I fancie,
Amidst these gloomy dayes?
Shall I goe court brown Nancy?
In a countrey town
They'l call me clown,
If I sing them my outlandish playes.
Let me inform their nodle with my heroick spirit,
My language and worth besides transcend unto merit;
They'l not believe one word, what mortal flesh can bear it?
Alas! poor souldier, etc.

Into the countrey places
I resolve to goe,
Amongst those sun-burnt faces
I'le goe to plough
Or keep a cow,
'Tis that my masters now again must do.
Souldiers ye see will be of each religion,
They're but like stars, which when the true sun rise they're gon.
I'le to the countrey goe, and there I'le serve Sir John;
Aye, aye, 'tis thither, and thither will I goe.

London, printed for Charles Gustavus, 1660.

THE COURTIER'S HEALTH;
OR,
THE MERRY BOYS OF THE TIMES.

1672

(A. D. 1672.)—From the Roxburgh Ballads, Vol. ii.
To the tune of "Come, Boys, fill us a Bumper."

COME, boys, fill us a bumper,
Wee'l make the nation roar,
She's grown sick of a *Bumper*,
That sticks on the old score.
Pox on phanaticks, rout 'um,
They thirst for our blood;
Wee'l taxes raise without 'um,
And drink for the nation's good.
Fill the pottles and the gallons,
And bring the hogshead in,
Wee'l begin with a tallen,
A brimmer to the King.

Round, around, fill a fresh one,
Let no man bawk his wine,
Wee'l drink to the next in succession,
And keep it in the right line.
Bring us ten thousand glasses,
The more we drink we're dry;
We mind not the beautiful lasses,
Whose conquest lyes all in the eye.
Fill the pottles, etc.

We boys are truly loyal,
For Charles wee'l venture all,
We know his blood is royal,
His name shall never fall.

But those that seek his ruine
May chance to dye before him,
While we that sacks are woeing
For ever will adore him.
Fill the pottles, etc.

I hate those strange dissenters
That strives to bawk a glass,
He that at all adventures
Will see what comes to pass:
And let the Popish nation
Disturb us if they can,
They ne'er shall breed distraction
In a true-hearted man.
Fill the pottles, etc.

Let the fanatics grumble
To see things cross their grain,
Wee'l make them now more humble
Or ease them of their pain:
They shall drink sack amain too,
Or they shall be choak't;
Wee'l tell 'um 'tis in vain too
For us to be provok't.
Fill the pottles, etc.

He that denyes the brimmer
Shall banish'd be in this isle,
And we will look more grimmer
Till he begins to smile:
Wee'l drown him in Canary,
And make him all our own,
And when his heart is merry
Hee'l drink to Charles on 's throne.
Fill the pottles, etc.

Quakers and Anabaptists,
Wee'l sink them in a glass;
He deals most plain and flattest
That sayes he loves a lass:
Then tumble down Canary,
And let our brains go round,
For he that won't be merry
He can't at heart be sound.
Fill the pottles, etc.

Printed for P. Brooksly, at the Golden Ball in West Smithfield, 1672.

THE LOYAL TORIES' DELIGHT;

OR,

A PILL FOR FANATICKS.

Being a most pleasant and new song.

1680.—From the Roxburgh Ballads, Vol. iii., fol. 911.

To the tune of "Great York has been debar'd of late, etc."

Great York has been debar'd of late
From Court by some accursed fate;
But ere long, we do not fear,
We shall have him, have him here,
We shall have him, have him here.

The makers of the plot we see,
By damn'd old *Tony's* treachery,
How they would have brought it about,
To have given great York the rout,
To have given, etc.

God preserve our gracious King,
And safe tydings to us bring,
Defend us from the *sham black box*,*
And all damn'd fanatick plots,
And all damn'd, etc.

Here Charles's health I drink to thee,
And with him all prosperity;
God grant that he long time may reign,
To bring us home great York again,
To bring us home, etc.

That he, in spight of all his foes
Who loyalty and laws oppose,
May long remain in health and peace,
Whilst plots and plotters all shall cease,
Whilst plots, etc.

Let Whigs go down to Erebus,
And not stay here to trouble us
With noisy cant and needless fear,
Of ills to come they know not where,
Of ills to come, etc.

When our chief trouble they create,
For plain we see what they'd be at;
Could they but push great York once down
They'd next attempt to snatch the crown,
They'd next attempt, etc.

* There was a story that Charles II. was really married to Lucy Walters, the mother of the Duke of Monmouth, and that the contract of marriage was in existence in a "black box," in the custody of the Bishop of Durham, suggested apparently by the endeavours of that Bishop to change the succession to the crown in favour of the Duke of Monmouth, to the exclusion of James II.

But Heaven preserve our gracious King,
May all good subjects loudly sing;
And Royal James preserve likewise,
From such as do against him rise,
From such as do, etc.

Then come, again fill round our glass,
And, loyal Tories, less it pass,
Fill up, fill up unto the brim,
And let each boule with necture swim,
And let each boule, etc.

Though *cloakmen*, that seem much precise,
'Gainst wine exclaim with turn'd-up eyes;
Yet in a corner they'l be drunk,
With drinking healths unto the Rump,
With drinking, etc.

In hopes that once more they shall tear
Both Church and State, which is their prayer;
But Heaven does yet protect the throne,
Whilst Tyburn for such slaves does groan,
Whilst Tyburn, etc.

For now 'tis plain, most men abhor,
What some so strongly voted for;
Great York in favour does remain,
In spight of all the Whiggish train,
In spight of all, etc.

And now the *Old Cause* goes to wrack,
Sedition mauger cloath in black
Do greatly dread the triple tree,
Whilst we rejoyce in loyalty,
Whilst we rejoyce, etc.

Then come, let's take another round,
And still in loyalty abound,
And wish our King he long may reign
To bring us home great York again,
To bring us home great York again.

THE ROYAL ADMIRAL.

Miss Strickland quotes this ballad in her Lives of the Queens of England, and states that this was the first Jacobite song that was written and set to music.

LET Titus* and Patience† stir up a commotion,
Their plotting and swearing shall prosper no more;
Now gallant old Jamie commands on the ocean,
And mighty Charles keeps them in awe on the shore.

Jamie the Valiant, the Champion Royal,
His own and the monarchy's rival withstood;
The bane and the terror of those the disloyal,
Who slew his loved father and thirst for his blood.

York, the great admiral,—Ocean's defender,
The joy of our navy, the dread of its foes,
The lawful successor,—what upstart pretender
Shall dare, in our isle, the true heir to oppose?

Jamie quelled the proud foe on the ocean,
And rode the sole conqueror over the main;
To this gallant hero let all pay devotion,
For England her admiral sees him again.

* Titus Oates, the inventor of the Popish plot.
† Patience Ward, the alderman.

THE UNFORTUNATE WHIGS.

1682.—From the Roxburgh Ballads.

To the tune of "The King enjoys his own," &c.

THE Whigs are but small, and of no good race,
And are beloved by very few;
Old *Tony* broach'd his tap in every place,
To encourage all his factious crew.
At some great houses in this town,
The Whigs of high renown,
And all with a true blue was their stain;
For since it is so,
They have wrought their overthrow,
Old Tony *will ne'r enjoy his own again.*

They all owne duty to their lawful prince,
And loyal subjects should have been;
But their duty is worn out long since,
By the *Association* seen.
But these are the Whigs,
That have cut off some legs,
And fain would be at that sport amain;
For since it is so,
They have wrought their overthrow,
Old Tony *will ne'r enjoy his own again.*

And yet they are sham-pretenders,
And they swear they'll support our laws;
These be the great defenders of
Ignoramus and the *Old Cause:*
They'll defend the King
By swearing of the thing,

These are the cursed rogues in grain;
For since it is so,
They have wrought their overthrow,
Old Tony *will ne'r enjoy his own again.*

The true religion that shall down,
Which so long has won the day,
And *Common-prayer* i'th' church of ev'ry town,
If that the Whigs could but bear the sway:
For Oates he does begin
Now for to bring them in,
As when he came mumping from Spain;
For since it is so,
They have wrought their overthrow,
Old Tony *will ne'r enjoy his own again.*

How all their shamming plots they would hide,
Yet they are ignorant, they say,
When as Old *Tony* he was try'd
And brought off with *Ignoramus* sway:
When Oates he was dumb
And could not use his tongue,
This is the shamming rogues in grain;
For since it is so,
They have wrought their overthrow,
Old Tony *will ne'r enjoy his own again.*

Then let all true subjects sing,
And damn the power of all those
That won't show loyalty to their King,
And assist him against his Whiggish foes.
Then in this our happy state,
In spight of traytors' hate,

We will all loyal still remain;
For since it is so,
They have wrought their overthrow,
Old Tony *will ne'r enjoy his own again.*

God preserve our gracious King,
With the Royal Consort of his bed,
And let all loyal subjects sing
That the crown may remain on Charles's head;
For we will drink his health
In spight of *Common-wealth*,
And his lawful rights we will maintain;
For since it is so,
They have wrought their overthrow,
Old Tony *will ne'r enjoy his own again.*

Printed for S. Maurel, in the year 1682.

THE DOWNFALL OF THE GOOD OLD CAUSE.

From a "Collection of One Hundred and Eighty Loyal Songs, all written since 1678," and published London, 1694. [Fourth Edition.]

Tune,—"Hey, Boys, up go we."

Now the Bad Old Cause is tapt,
And the vessel standeth stoop'd;
The cooper may starve for want of work,
For the cask shall never be hoop'd;—

We will burn the Association,
The Covenant and vow,
The public cheat of the nation,
Anthony, now, now, now

No fanatick shall bear the sway
In court, city, or town,
These good kingdoms to betray,
And cry the right line down;—
Let them cry they love the King,
Yet if they hate his brother,
Remember Charles they murdered,
And so they would the other.

Weavers and such like fellows
In pulpit daily prate,
Like the Covenanters,
Against the Church and State:
Yet they cry they love the King,
But their baseness will discover;
Charles the First they murdered,
And so they would the other.

When these fellows go to drink,
In city or in town,
They vilify the bishops
And they cry the Stuarts down:
Still they cry they love the King,
But their baseness I'll discover;
Charles the First they murdered,
And so they would the other.

When the King wanted money,
Poor Tangier to relieve,

They cry'd down his revenue,
Not a penny they would give:
Still they cry'd they loved the King,
But their baseness I'll discover;
Charles the First they murdered,
And so they would the other.

The noble Marquis of Worcester,
And many such brave lord,
By the King-killing crew
They daily are abhor'd,
And called evil councellors,
When the truth they did discover;
And Charles the First they murdered,
And so they would the other.

The Papists they would kill the King,
But the Phanaticks did;
Their perjuries and treacheries
Aren't to be parallel'd:
Let them cry they love the King,
Their faults I will discover;
Charles the First they murdered,
And so they would the other.

Charles the Second stands on's guard,
Like a good politick King;
The Phanaticks ought to be abhor'd
For all their flattering:
Let them cry they love the King,
Their faults I will discover;
Charles the First they murdered,
And so they would the other.

Now let us all good subjects be,
That bear a loyal heart;
Stand fast for the King
And each man act his part;
And to support his Sovereign,
Religion, and the laws,
That formerly were established,
And down with the cursed cause.

OLD JEMMY.

From a "Collection of 180 Loyal Songs," written since 1678. This is a parody on the Whig song, "Young Jemmy is a lad that's royally descended," written in celebration of the Duke of Monmouth. Old Jemmy is the Duke of York, afterwards James II.

To the tune of "Young Jemmy."

Old Jemmy is a lad
Right lawfully descended;
No bastard born nor bred,
Nor for a Whig suspended;
The true and lawful heir to th' crown
By right of birth and laws,
And bravely will maintain his own
In spight of all his foes.

Old Jemmy is the top
And chief among the princes;
No *Mobile* gay fop,
With Birmingham pretences;

A heart and soul so wondrous great,
And such a conquering eye,
That every loyal lad fears not
In Jemmy's cause to die.

Old Jemmy is a prince
Of noble resolutions,
Whose powerful influence
Can order our confusions;
But oh! he fights with such a grace
No force can him withstand,
No god of war but must give place
When Jemmy leads the van.

To Jemmy every swain
Does pay due veneration,
And Scotland does maintain
His title to the nation;
The pride of all the court he stands,
The patron of his cause,
The joy and hope of all his friends,
And terror of his foes.

Maliciously they vote
To work Old Jemmy's ruin,
And zealously promote
A Bill for his undoing;
Both Lords and Commons most agree
To pull his Highness down,
But (spight of all their policy)
Old Jemmy's heir to th' crown.

The schismatick and saint,
The Baptist and the Atheist,

Swear by the Covenant,
  Old Jemmy is a Papist:
Whilst all the holy crew did plot
  To pull his Highness down,
Great Albany, a noble Scot
  Did raise unto a crown.

Great Albany, they swear,
  He before any other
Shall be immediate heir
  Unto his royal brother;
Who will, in spight of all his foes,
  His lawful rights maintain,
And all the fops that interpose
  Old Jemmy's York again.

The Whigs and zealots plot
  To banish him the nation,
But the renowned Scot
  Hath wrought his restoration:
With high respects they treat his Grace,
  His royal cause maintain;
Brave Albany, (to Scotland's praise)
  Is mighty York again.

Against his envious fates
  The Kirk hath taught a lesson,
A blessing on the States,
  To settle the succession;
They real were, both knight and lord,
  And will his right maintain,
By royal Parliament restored,
  Old Jemmy's come again.

And now he's come again,
  In spight of all Pretenders;
Great Albany shall reign,
  Amongst the Faith's defenders.
Let Whig and Birmingham repine,
  They show their teeth in vain,
The glory of the British line,
  Old Jemmy's come again.

THE CLOAK'S KNAVERY.

From "Wit and Mirth, or Pills to Purge Melancholy; being a Collection of the best merry Ballads and Songs, old and new." London, 1714.

Come buy my new ballad,
  I have't in my wallet,
But 'twill not I fear please every pallate;
  Then mark what ensu'th,
  I swear by my youth
That every line in my ballad is truth.
A ballad of wit, a ballad of worth,
'Tis newly printed and newly come forth;
'Twas made of a cloak that fell out with a gown,
That cramp'd all the kingdom and crippled the crown.

I'll tell you in brief
  A story of grief,
Which happen'd when Cloak was Commander-in-chief;

It tore common prayers,
Imprison'd lord mayors,
In one day it voted down prelates and prayers;
It made people perjured in point of obedience,
And the Covenant did cut off the oath of allegiance.
Then let us endeavour to pull the Cloak down
That cramp'd all the kingdom and crippled the crown.

It was a black Cloke,
In good time be it spoke,
That kill'd many thousands but never struck stroke;
With hatchet and rope
The forlorn hope
Did join with the Devil to pull down the Pope;
It set all the sects in the city to work,
And rather than fail 'twould have brought in the Turk.
Then let us endeavour, etc.

It seized on the tower-guns,
Those fierce demi-gorgons,
It brought in the bag-pipes, and brought in the organs;
The pulpits did smoke,
The churches did choke,
And all our religion was turn'd to a cloak.
It brought in lay-elders could not write nor read,
It set public faith up and pull'd down the creed.
Then let us endeavour, etc.

This pious impostor
Such fury did foster,
It left us no penny nor no *pater-noster;*

It threw to the ground
The commandments down,
And set up twice twenty times ten of its own;
It routed the King and villains elected,
To plunder all those whom they thought disaffected.
Then let us endeavour, etc.

To blind people's eyes
This Cloak was so wise,
It took off ship-money, but set up excise;
Men brought in their plate
For reasons of state,
And gave it to Tom Trumpeter and his mate.
In pamphlets it writ many specious epistles,
To cozen poor wenches of bodkins and whistles.
Then let us endeavour, etc.

In pulpits it moved,
And was much approved
For crying out, *Fight the Lord's battles, beloved;*
It bob-tayled the gown,
Put Prelacy down,
It trod on the mitre to reach at the crown;
And into the field it an army did bring,
To aim at the council but shoot at the King.
Then let us endeavour, etc.

It raised up States
Whose politic fates
Do now keep their quarters on the city gates.
To father and mother,
To sister and brother,
It gave a commission to kill one another.

It took up men's horses at very low rates,
And plunder'd our goods to secure our estates.
Then let us endeavour, etc.

This Cloak did proceed
To damnable deed,
It made the best mirror of majesty bleed;
Tho' Cloak did not do't,
He set it on foot,
By rallying and calling his journeymen to't.
For never had come such a bloody disaster,
If Cloak had not first drawn a sword at his master.
Then let us endeavour, etc.

Tho' some of them went hence
By sorrowful sentence,
This lofty long Cloak is not moved to repentance;
But he and his men,
Twenty thousand times ten,
Are plotting to do their tricks over again.
But let this proud Cloak to authority stoop,
Or DUN will provide him a button and loop.
Then let us endeavour to pull the Cloak down
That basely did sever the head from the crown.

Let's pray that the King
And his Parliament
In sacred and secular things may consent;
So righteously firm,
And religiously free,
That Papists and Atheists suppressed may be.

And as there's one Deity does over-reign us,
One faith and one form and one Church may contain us.
Then peace, truth, and plenty our kingdom will crown,
And all Popish plots and their plotters shall down.

THE TIME-SERVER,

OR

A MEDLEY.

From the Loyal Garland, 1686. Reprinted for the Percy Society, and edited by J. O. Halliwell.

Room for a gamester that plays at all he sees,
Whose fickle fancy suits such times as these,
One that says Amen to every factious prayer,
From Hugh Peters' pulpit to St Peter's chair;
One that doth defy the Crozier and the Crown,
But yet can house with blades that carouse,
Whilst pottle pots tumble down, derry down,
One that can comply with surplice and with cloak,
Yet for his end can independ
Whilst Presbyterian broke Brittain's yoke.

This is the way to trample without trembling,
Tis the sycophant's only secure.

Covenants and oaths are badges of dissembling,
'Tis the politick pulls down the pure.
To profess and betray, to plunder and pray,
Is the only ready way to be great;
Flattery doth the feat;
Ne'er go, ne'er stir, sir—will venture further
Than the greatest dons in the town,
From a coffer to a crown.

I'm in a temperate humour now to think well,
Now I'm in another humour for to drink well,
Then fill us up a beer-bowl, boys, that we
May drink it, drink it merrily;
No knavish spy shall understand,
For, if it should be known,
'Tis ten to one we shall be trepanned.

I'll drink to them a brace of quarts,
Whose anagram is call'd true hearts;
If all were well, as I would ha't,
And Britain cured of its tumour,
I should very well like my fate,
And drink my sack at a cheaper rate,
Without any noise or rumour,
Oh then I should fix my humour.

But since 'tis no such matter, change your hue,
I may cog and flatter, so may you;
Religion is a widgeon, and reason is treason,
And he that hath a loyal heart may bid the world adieu.

We must be like the Scottish man,
Who, with intent to beat down schism,

Brought in the Presbyterian
With canon and with catechism.
If beuk wont do't, then Jockey shoot,
For the Church of Scotland doth command;
And what hath been since they came in
I think we have cause to understand.

THE SOLDIER'S DELIGHT.

(Made in the late times.)

From the Loyal Garland, 1686. Reprinted for the Percy Society, and edited by J. O. Halliwell.

Fair Phydelia, tempt no more,
I may not now thy beauty so adore,
Nor offer to thy shrine;
I serve one more divine
And greater far than you:
Hark! the trumpet calls away,
We must go, lest the foe
Get the field and win the day;
Then march bravely on,
Charge them in the van,
Our cause God's is, though the odds is
Ten times ten to one.

Tempt no more, I may not yield,
Although thine eyes a kingdom may surprise;
Leave off thy wanton tales,
The high-born Prince of Wales
Is mounted in the field,

Where the loyal gentry flock,
  Though forlorn, nobly born,
Of a ne'er-decaying stock;
  Cavaliers, be bold, ne'er let go your hold,
Those that loiters are by traitors
  Dearly bought and sold.

Phydelia.—One kiss more, and so farewell.
Soldier.—Fie, no more! I prithee fool give o'er;
Why cloud'st thou thus thy beams?
I see by these extremes,
  A woman's heaven or hell.
Pray the King may have his own,
  That the Queen may be seen
With her babes on England's throne;
  Rally up your men, one shall vanquish ten,
Victory, we come to try our valour once again.

THE LOYAL SOLDIER.

From the Loyal Garland, 1686. Reprinted for the Percy Society, and edited by J. O. Halliwell.

When in the field of Mars we lie,
  Amongst those martial wights,
Who, never daunted, are to dye
  For King and countrie's rights;
As on Belona's god I wait,
  And her attendant be,

Yet, being absent from my mate,
I live in misery.

When lofty winds aloud do blow,
It snoweth, hail, or rain,
And Charon in his boat doth row,
Yet stedfast I'll remain;
And for my shelter in some barn creep,
Or under some hedge lye;
Whilst such as do now strong castles keep
Knows no such misery.

When down in straw we tumbling lye,
With Morpheus' charms asleep,
My heavy, sad, and mournful eye
In security so deep;
Then do I dream within my arms
With thee I sleeping lye,
Then do I dread or fear no harms,
Nor feel no misery.

When all my joys are thus compleat,
The canons loud do play,
The drums alarum straight do beat,
Trumpet sounds, horse, away!
Awake I then, and nought can find
But death attending me,
And all my joys are vanisht quite,—
This is my misery.

When hunger oftentimes I feel,
And water cold do drink,
Yet from my colours I'le not steal,
Nor from my King will shrink;

No traytor base shall make me yield,
But for the cause I'le be:
This is my love, pray Heaven to shield,
And farewell misery.

Then to our arms we straight do fly,
And forthwith march away;
Few towns or cities we come nigh
Good liquor us deny;
In Lethe deep our woes we steep—
Our loves forgotten be,
Amongst the jovialst we sing,
Hang up all misery.

Propitious fate, then be more kind,
Grim death, lend me thy dart,
O sun and moon, and eke the wind,
Great Jove, take thou our part;
That of these Roundheads and these wars
An end that we may see,
And thy great name we'll all applaud,
And hang all misery.

THE POLITITIAN.

Upon an act of Treason made by the Rebels, etc.

From the Loyal Garland, 1686. Reprinted for the Percy Society, and edited by J. O. Halliwell.

But since it was lately enacted high treason
For a man to speak truth 'gainst the head of a state,

Let every wise man make a use of his reason
To think what he will, but take heed what he prate;
For the proverb doth learn us,
He that stays from the battel sleeps in a whole skin,
And our words are our own if we keep them within,
What fools are we then that to prattle do begin
Of things that do not concern us!

'Tis no matter to me whoe'er gets the battle,
The rubs or the crosses, 'tis all one to me;
It neither increaseth my goods nor my cattle;
A beggar's a beggar, and so he shall be
Unless he turn traitor.
Let misers take courses to hoard up their treasure,
Whose bounds have no limits, whose minds have no measure,
Let me be but quiet and take a little pleasure,
A little contents my own nature.

But what if the kingdom returns to the prime ones?
My mind is a kingdom, and so it shall be;
I'll make it appear, if I had but the time once,
He's as happy in one as they are in three,
If he might but enjoy it.
He that's mounted aloft is a mark for the fate,
And an envy to every pragmatical pate,
Whilst he that is low is safe in his estate,
And the great ones do scorn to annoy him.

I count him no wit that is gifted in rayling
And flurting at those that above him do sit;
Whilst they do outwit him with whipping and jailing,
His purse and his person must pay for his wit.
But 'tis better to be drinking;
If sack were reform'd to twelve-pence a quart
I'd study for money to merchandize for't,
With a friend that is willing in mirth we would sport;
Not a word, but we'd pay it with thinking.

My petition shall be that Canary be cheaper,
Without either custom or cursed excise;
That the wits may have freedom to drink deeper and deeper,
And not be undone whilst our noses we baptize;
But we'll liquor them and drench them.
If this were but granted, who would not desire
To dub himself one of Apollo's own quire?
And then we will drink whilst our noses are on fire,
And the quart pots shall be buckets to quench them.

A NEW DROLL.

From the Loyal Garland, 1686. Edited by J. O. Halliwell.

Come let's drink, the time invites,
Winter and cold weather;

For to spend away long nights,
And to keep good wits together.
Better far than cards or dice,
Isaac's balls are quaint device,
Made up with fan and feather.

Of strange actions on the seas
Why should we be jealous?
Bring us liquor that will please,
And will make us braver fellows
Than the bold Venetian fleet,
When the Turks and they do meet
Within their Dardanellos.

Valentian, that famous town,
Stood the French man's wonder;
Water they employ'd to drown,
So to cut their troops assunder;
Turein gave a helpless look,
While the lofty Spaniard took
La Ferta and his plunder.

As for water, we disclaim
Mankind's adversary;
Once it caused the world's whole frame
In the deluge to miscarry;
And that enemy of joy
Which sought our freedom to destroy
And murder good Canary.

We that drink have no such thoughts,
Black and void of reason:
We take care to fill our vaults
With good wine of every season;

And with many a chirping cup
We blow one another up,
And that's our only treason.

Hear the squibs and mind the bells,
The fifth of November;
The parson a sad story tells,
And with horror doth remember
How some hot-brain'd traitor wrought
Plots that would have ruin brought
To King and every member.

THE ROYALIST.

A song made in the Rebellion.

From the Loyal Garland, 1686. Reprinted for the Percy Society, and edited by J. O. Halliwell.

Stay, shut the gate!
T'other quart, boys, 'tis not so late
As you are thinking;
The stars which you see in the hemisphere be
Are but studs in your cheeks by good drinking;
The sun's gone to tipple all night in the sea, boys,
To-morrow he'll blush that he's paler than we, boys;
Drink wine, give him water,
'Tis sack makes us the boys.

Fill up the glass,
To the next merry lad let it pass;
Come, away wi't;
Let's set foot to foot and but give our minds to't,
'Tis heretical sir, that doth slay wit;

Then hang up good faces, let's drink till our noses
Give's freedom to speak what our fancy disposes,
Beneath whose protection now under the rose is.

Drink off your bowl,
'Twill enrich both your head and your soul with Canary;
For a carbuncled face saves a tedious race,
And the Indies about us we carry;
No Helicon like to the juice of good wine is,
For Phœbus had never had wit that divine is,
Had his face not been bow-dy'd as thine is and mine is.

This must go round,
Off with your hats till the pavement be crown'd with your beavers;
A red-coated face frights a sergeant and his mace,
Whilst the constables tremble to shivers.
In state march our faces like some of that quorum,
While the ..... do fall down and the vulgar adore 'um,
And our noses like link-boys run shining before 'um.

THE ROYALIST'S RESOLVE.

From the Loyal Garland, 1686. Reprinted for the Percy Society.

Come, drawer, some wine,
Or we'll pull down the sign,
For we are all jovial compounders;

We'll make the house ring
With healths to our King,
And confusion light on his confounders.

Since former committee
Afforded no pity,
Our sorrows in wine we will steep 'um;
They force us to take
Two oaths, but we'll make
A third, that we ne'er mean to keep 'um.

And next, whoe'er sees,
We'll drink on our knees
To the King; may he thirst that repines:
A fig for those traytors
That look to our waters,
They have nothing to do with our wines.

And next here's three bowls
To all gallant souls
That for the King did and will venture;
May they flourish when those
That are his and our foes
Are hang'd, and ram'd down to the center.

And may they be found
In all to abound,
Both with Heaven and the country's anger;
May they never want fractions,
Doubts, fears, and distractions,
Till the gallows-tree frees them from danger.

LOYALTY TURNED UP TRUMP,

OR

THE DANGER OVER.

From the Loyal Garland, reprinted from a Black-Letter copy, printed 1686. Reprinted for the Percy Society, 1850.

In vain ill men attempt us,
Their day is out of date;
The fates do now exempt us
From what we felt of late.
The nation is grown wiser
Than to believe their shame;
He that was the deviser
Themselves begin to blame.

They thought the trumps would ever
Turn on rebellion's side,
But kinder power deliver
Us from their foolish pride;
For see, they are deceived,
And can no more prevail;
Those who the Rump believed,
Ashamed are of the tale.

THE LOYALIST'S ENCOURAGEMENT.

From the Loyal Garland.

To the tune of "Now, now the fight's done."

You Royalists all, now rejoice and be glad,
The day is our own, there's no cause to be sad,

The tumult of faction is crush'd in its pride,
And the grand promoters their noddles all hide,
For fear of a swing, which does make it appear
Though treason they loved yet for hemp they
don't care.

Then let us be bold still, and baffle their plots,
That they in the end may prove impotent sots;
And find both their wit and their malice defeated,
Nay, find how themselves and their pupils they
cheated,
By heaping and thrusting to unhinge a State,
Of which Heaven's guardian fixt is by fate.

Though once they the rabble bewitch'd with their
cant,
Whilst cobler and weaver set up for a saint;
Yet now the stale cheat they can fasten no more,
The juggle's discover'd and they must give o'er;
Yet give them their due that such mischief did
work,
Who revile Christian princes and pray for the
Turk.

Oh! give them their due, and let none of 'em want
A cup of Geneva or Turkish turbant,
That, clad in their colours, they may not deceive
The vulgar, too prone and too apt to believe
The fears they suggest on a groundless pretence,
On purpose to make 'em repine or their prince.

THE TROUPER.

From the Loyal Garland. A pleasant song revived.

Come, come, let us drink,
'Tis vain to think
Like fools of grief or sadness;
Let our money fly
And our sorrows dye,
All worldly care is madness;
But wine and good cheer
Will, in spite of our fear,
Inspire us all with gladness.

Let the greedy clowns,
That do live like hounds,
They know neither bound nor measure,
Lament every loss,
For their wealth is their cross,
Whose delight is in their treasure;
Whilst we with our own
Do go merrily on,
And spend it at our leisure.

Then troul about the bowl
To every loyal soul,
And to his hand commend it.
A fig for chink,
'Twas made to buy drink,
Before we depart we'll end it.
When we've spent our store,
The nation yields no more,
And merrily we will spend it.

ON THE TIMES,

OR

THE GOOD SUBJECT'S WISH.

From the Loyal Garland.

To the tune of "Young Phaon."

Good days we see, let us rejoice,
In peace and loyalty,
And still despise the factious noise
Of those that vainly try
To undermine our happiness,
That they may by it get;
Knavery has great increase
When honesty does set.

But let us baffle all their tricks,
Our King and country serve;
And may he never thrive that likes
Sedition in reserve:
Then let each in his station rest,
As all good subjects should;
And he that otherwise designs,
May he remain unblest.

May traytors ever be deceived
In all they undertake,
And never by good men believed;
May all the plots they make
Fall heavy on themselves, and may
They see themselves undone,
And never have a happy day,
That would the King dethrone.

THE JOVIALISTS' CORONATION.

From the Loyal Garland.

SINCE it must be so, why then so let it go,
Let the giddy-brain'd times turn round;
Now we have our King, let the goblets be crowned,
And our monarchy thus we recover;
Whilst the pottles are weeping
We'll drench our sad souls
In big-belly'd bowls,
And our sorrows in wine shall lie steeping.
And we'll drink till our eyes do run over,
And prove it by reason,
It can be no treason
To drink or to sing
A mournifal of healths to our new-crowned King.

Let us all stand bare in the presence we are,
Let our noses like bonfires shine;
Instead of the conduits, let pottles run wine,
To perfect this true coronation;
And we that are loyal, in drink shall be peers;
For that face that wears claret
Can traytors defie all,
And out-stares the bores of our nation;
In sign of obedience
Our oaths of allegiance
Beer glasses shall be,
And he that tipples tends to jollitry.

But if in this reign a halberdly train,
Or a constable, chance to revel,
And would with his twyvels maliciously swell,

And against the King's party raise arms:
Then the drawers, like yeomen o' the guard,
With quart-pots
Shall fuddle the sots,
Till they make 'um both cuckolds and freemen,
And on their wives beat up alarms.
Thus as the health passes,
We'll triple our glasses,
And count it no sin
To drink and be loyal in defence of our King.

THE LOYAL PRISONER.

From the Loyal Garland.

How happy's that pris'ner that conquers his fate
With silence, and ne'er on bad fortune complains,
But carelessly plays with keys on his grate,
And he makes a sweet concert with them and his chains!
He drowns care in sack, while his thoughts are opprest,
And he makes his heart float like a cork in his breast.
Then since we are slaves, and all islanders be,
And our land a large prison enclosed by the sea,
We'll drink off the ocean, and set ourselves free,
For man is the world's epitomy.

Let tyrants wear purple, deep-dy'd in the blood
Of those they have slain, their scepters to sway,

If our conscience be clear, and our title be good,
With the rags that hang on us we are richer than they;
We'll drink down at night what we beg or can borrow,
And sleep without plotting for more the next morrow.
Then since, etc.

Let the usurer watch o'er his bags and his house,
To keep that from robbers he rak'd from his debtors,
Which at midnight cries thieves at the noise of a mouse,
And he looks if his trunks are fast bound to their fetters;
When once he's grown rich enough for a State's plot,
But in one hour plunders what threescore years got.
Then since, etc.

Come, drawer, fill each man a peck of old sherry,
This brimmer shall bid all our senses good-night;
When old Aristotle was frolic and merry,
By the juice of the grape, he stagger'd outright;
Copernicus once, in a drunken fit, found
By the course of's brains that the world did turn round.
Then since, etc.

'Tis sack makes our faces like comets to shine,
And gives tincture beyond a complexion mask.

Diogenes fell so in love with his wine,
That when 'twas all out he dwelt in the cask,
And being shut up within a close room,
He, dying, requested a tub for his tomb.
Then since, etc.

Let him never so privately muster his gold,
His angels will their intelligence be;
How closely they're prest in their canvas hold,
And they want the State-souldier to set them all free:
Let them pine and be hanged, we'll merrily sing,
Who hath nothing to lose, may cry, God bless the King.
Then since, etc.

CANARY'S CORONATION.

From the Loyal Garland.

Come, let's purge our brains
From ale and grains,
That do smell of anarchy;
Let's chuse a King
From whose blood may spring
Such a sparkling progeny;
It will be fit, strew mine in it,
Whose flames are bright and clear;
We'll not bind our hands with drayman's bands,
When as we may be freer;
Why should we droop, or basely stoop
To popular ale or beer?

Who shall be King? how comes the thing
For which we all are met?
Claret is a prince that hath long since
In the royal order set:
His face is spread with a warlike seed,
And so he loves to see men;
When he bears the sway, his subjects they
Shall be as good as freemen;
But here's the plot, almost forgot,
'Tis too much burnt with women.

By the river of Rhine is a valiant wine
That can all other replenish;
Let's then consent to the government
And the royal rule of Rhenish:
The German wine will warm the chine,
And frisk in every vein;
'Twill make the bride forget to chide,
And call him to't again:
But that's not all, he is too small
To be our soveraign.

Let us never think of a noble drink,
But with notes advance on high,
Let's proclaim good Canary's name,—
Heaven bless his Majesty!
He is a King in everything,
Whose nature doth renounce all,
He'll make us skip and nimbly trip
From ceiling to the groundsil;
Especially when poets be
Lords of the Privy Council.

But a vintner will his taster be,
Here's nothing that can him let;
A drawer that hath a good palat
Shall be squire of the gimblet.
The bar-boys shall be pages all,
A tavern well-prepared,
And nothing shall be spared;
In jovial sort shall be the court,
Wine-porters that are soldiers tall
Be yeomen of the guard.

But if a cooper we with a red nose see
In any part of the town;
The cooper shall, with his aids-royal,
Bear the sceptre of the crown;
Young wits that wash away their cash
In wine and recreation,
Who hates ale and beer, shall be welcome here
To give their approbation;
So shall all you that will allow
Canary's recreation.

THE MOURNFUL SUBJECTS,

OR

THE WHOLE NATION'S LAMENTATION, FROM THE HIGHEST TO THE LOWEST.

The Mournful Subjects, or the Whole Nation's Lamentation, from the Highest to the Lowest; who did with brinish tears (the true signs of sorrow) bewail the death of their most gra-

cious Soveraign King Charles the Second, who departed this life Feb. 6th, 1684, and was interred in Westminster Abbey, in King Henry the Seventh's Chapel, on Saturday night last, being the 14th day of the said month; to the sollid grief and sorrow of all his loving subjects.

From vol. i. of the Roxburgh Ballads in Brit. Mus.

Tune, "Troy Town, or the Duchess of Suffolk."

TRUE subjects mourn, and well they may,
Of each degree, both lords and earls,
Which did behold that dismal day,
The death of princely pious Charles;
Some thousand weeping tears did fall
At his most sollid funeral.

He was a prince of clemency,
Whose love and mercy did abound;
His death may well lamented be
Through all the nations Europe round;
Unto the ears of Christian kings
His death unwelcome tidings brings.

All those that ever thought him ill,
And did disturb him in his reign,—
Let horrour now their conscience fill,
And strive such actions to restrain;
For sure they know not what they do,
The time will come when they shall rue.

How often villains did design
By cruelty his blood to spill,
Yet by the Providence divine
God would not let them have their will,
But did preserve our gracious King
Under the shadow of his wing.

We grieved his soul while he was here,
When we would not his laws obey;
Therefore the Lord he was severe,
And took our gracious prince away:
We were not worthy to enjoy
The prince whom subjects would annoy.

In peace he did lay down his head,
The sceptre and the royal crown;
His soul is now to heaven fled,
Above the reach of mortal frown,
Where joy and glory will not cease,
In presence with the King of Peace.

Alas! we had our liberty,
He never sought for to devour
By a usurping tyranny,
To rule by arbitrary power;
No, no, in all his blessed reign
We had no cause for to complain.

Let mourners now lament the loss
Of him that did the scepter sway,
And look upon it as a cross
That he from us is snatch'd away;
Though he is free from care or woe,
Yet we cannot forget him so.

But since it was thy blessed will
To call him from a sinful land,
Oh let us all be thankful still
That it was done by thine own hand:
No pitch of honour can be free
From Death's usurping tyranny.

The fourteen day of February
They did interr our gracious Charles;
His funeral solemnity,
Accompanied with lords and earls,
Four Dukes, I, and Prince George by name,
Went next the King with all his train.

And thus they to the Abbey went
To lay him in his silent tomb,
Where many inward sighs were spent
To think upon their dismal doom.
Whole showers of tears afresh then fell
When they beheld his last farewell.

Since it is so, that all must die,
And must before our God appear,
Oh let us have a watchful eye,
Over our conversation here;
That like great Charles, our King and friend,
We all may have a happy end.

Let England by their loyalty
Repair the breach which they did make;
And let us all united be
To gracious James, for Charles his sake;
And let there be no more discord,
But love the King and fear the Lord.

Printed for F. Deacon in Guilt-Spur Street.

"MEMENTO MORI."

AN ELOGY ON THE DEATH OF HIS SACRED MAJESTY KING CHARLES II., OF BLESSED MEMORY.

From the King's Pamphlets, British Museum.

UNWELCOME news! Whitehall its sable wears,
And each good subject lies dissolved in tears!
Justly indeed; for Charles is dead, the great,
(Who can so much as such great griefs repeat?)
King Charles the good, in whom that day there fell
More than one tribe in this our Israel!
Ah! cruel Death! we find thy fatal sting
In losing him who was so good a King,—
A King so wise, so just, and he'd great part
In Solomon's wisdom and in David's heart;
A King! whose virtues only to rehearse
Rather requires a volume than a verse.
Sprung from the loyns of Charles of blessed fame,
A worthy son of his great father's name,
His parent's and his grandsire's virtues he,
As h' did their crown, enjoy'd *ex traduce*,
Of th' best and greatest of Kings the epitome.
His justice such as him none could affright
From doing t'all to God and subjects right.
Punish he could, but, like Heaven's Majesty,
Would that a traitor should repent, not die.
His prudence to the laws due vigour gave,
He saved others and himself did save.
His valour and his courage, write who can?
Being a good souldier ere he was a man.

Wrestling with sorrows in a land unknown,
Whilst Herod did usurp his royal throne,
Banish'd his native country, every day,
Like Moses, at the brink of death he lay.
But that storm's over, and blest be that hand
That gave him conduct to his peaceful land;
Where this great King the Gordian knot unties,
Of Heaven's, the kingdom's, and his enemies;
Not with the sword, but with his grace and love,
Giving to those their lives that for his strove:
Never did person so much mercy breath
Since our blest Saviour's and his father's death.
In fine, his actions may our pattern be,
His godly life, the Christian diary;
But now he's dead, alas! our David's gone,
And having served his generation,
Is fall'n asleep; that glorious star's no more
That English wise men led unto the shore
Of peace, where gospel-truth's protest
Cherished within our pious mother's breast,
And with protection of such Kings still blest;
Blest with his piety and the nation too,
Happy in's reign, with milk and honey flew;
Yea, blest so much with peace and nature's store
Heaven could scarce give or we desire no more;
But yet, alas! he's dead! Mourn, England, mourn,
And all your scarlet into black cloth turn;
Let dust and ashes with your tears comply,
To weep, not sing, his mournful elegy;
And let your love to Charles be shown hereby
In rendering James your prayers and loyalty.
Long may Great James these kingdoms' sceptre sway,
And may his subjects lovingly obey,

Whilst with joint comfort all agree to sing,
Heaven bless these kingdoms and "God save the King!"

London: printed by F. Millet for W. Thackeray, at the sign of the Angel in Duck Lane, 1685.

ACCESSION OF JAMES II.

From "Read's Weekly Journal, or British Gazetteer." Saturday, May 15th, 1731. This was a Jacobite Journal, and this song was reproduced at the time, from an earlier period. The allusions are evidently to the death of Charles II. and the succession of James II.

WHAT means, honest shepherd, this cloud on thy brow?
Say, where is thy mirth and thy melody now?
Thy pipe thrown aside, and thy looks full of thought,
As silent and sad as a bird newly caught.
Has any misfortune befallen thy flocks,
Some lamb been betray'd by the craft of the fox;
Or murrain, more fatal, just seized on thy herd;
Or has thy dear Phyllis let slip a cross word?

The season indeed may to musing incline,
Now that grey-bearded Winter makes Autumn resign;
The hills all around us their russet put on,
And the skies seem in mourning for loss of the sun.

The winds make the tree, where thou sitt'st, shake
its head;
Yet tho' with dry leaves mother earth's lap is
spread,
Her bosom, to cheer it, is verdant with wheat,
And the woods can supply us with pastime and
meat.

Oh! no, says the shepherd, I mourn none of these,
Content with such changes as Heaven shall please;
Tho' now we have got the wrong side of the year,
'Twill turn up again, and fresh beauties appear:
But the loss that I grieve for no time can restore;
Our master that lov'd us so well is no more;
That oak which we hop'd wou'd long shelter us all,
Is fallen; then well may we shake at its fall.

Where find we a pastor so kind and so good,
So careful to feed us with wholesomest food,
To watch for our safety, and drive far away
The sly prouling fox that would make us his prey?
Oh! may his remembrance for ever remain
To shame those hard shepherds who, mindful of
gain,
Only look at their sheep with an eye to the fleece,
And watch 'em but so as the fox watch'd the geese.

Whom now shall I choose for the theme of my
song?
Or must my poor pipe on the willow be hung?
No more to commend that good nature and sense,
Which always cou'd please, but ne'er once gave
offence.
What honour directed he firmly pursu'd,
Yet would not his judgment on others intrude;

Still ready to help with his service and vote,
But ne'er to thrust oar in another man's boat.

No more, honest shepherd, these sorrows resound,
The virtues thou praisest, so hard to be found,
Are yet not all fled, for the swain who succeeds
To his fields and his herds is true heir to his deeds;
His pattern he'll follow, his gentleness use,
Take care of the shepherds and cherish the muse:
Then cease for the dead thy impertinent care,
Rejoice, he survives in his brother and heir.

ON THE MOST HIGH AND MIGHTY MONARCH

KING JAMES,

ON HIS EXALTATION ON THE THRONE OF ENGLAND.

Being an excellent new song. From a "Collection of One Hundred and Eighty Loyal Songs, written since 1678."

To the tune of "Hark! the Thundering Cannons roar."

HARK! the bells and steeples ring!
A health to James our royal King;
Heaven approves the offering,
  Resounding in chorus;
Let our sacrifice aspire,
Richest gems perfume the fire,
Angels and the sacred quire
  Have led the way before us.

Thro' loud storms and tempests driven,
This wrong'd prince to us was given,
The mighty James, preserved by Heaven
To be a future blessing;
The anointed instrument,
Good great Charles to represent,
And fill our souls with that content
Which we are now possessing.

Justice, plenty, wealth, and peace,
With the fruitful land's increase,
All the treasures of the seas,
With him to us are given;
As the brother, just and good,
From whose royal father's blood
Clemency runs like a flood,
A legacy from Heaven.

Summon'd young to fierce alarms,
Born a man in midst of arms,
His good angels kept from harms—
The people's joy and wonder;
Early laurels crown'd his brow,
And the crowd did praise allow,
Whilst against the Belgick foe
Great Jove implored his thunder.

Like him none e'er fill'd the throne,
Never courage yet was known
With so much conduct met in one,
To claim our due devotion;
Who made the Belgick lion roar,
Drove 'em back to their own shore,
To humble and encroach no more
Upon the British ocean.

When poor Holland first grew proud,
Saucy, insolent, and loud,
Great James subdued the boisterous crowd,
The foaming ocean stemming;
His country's glory and its good
He valued dearer than his blood,
And rid sole sovereign o'er his flood,
In spight of French or Fleming.

When he the foe had overcome,
Brought them peace and conquest home,
Exiled in foreign parts to roam,
Ungrateful rebels vote him;
But spite of all their insolence,
Inspired with god-like patience,
The rightful heir, kind Providence
Did to a throne promote him.

May justice at his elbow wait
To defend the Church and State,
The subject and this monarch's date
May no storm e'er dissever:
May he long adorn this place
With his royal brother's grace,
His mercy and his tenderness,
To rule this land for ever.

IN A SUMMER'S DAY.

From Hogg's Jacobite Relics.

In a summer's day when all was gay
The lads and lasses met

In a flowery mead, when each lovely maid
Was by her true love set.
Dick took the glass, and drank to his lass,
And *Jamie's* health around did pass;
Huzza! they cried; Huzza! they all replied,
God bless our noble King.

To the Queen, quothiwell; Drink it off, says Nell,
They say she is wondrous pretty;
And the prince, says Hugh; That's right, says Sue;
God send him home, says Katy;
May the powers above this tribe remove,
And send us back the man we love.
Huzza! they cried; Huzza! they all replied,
God bless our noble King.

The liquor spent, they to dancing went,
Each gamester took his mate;
Ralph bow'd to Moll, and Hodge to Doll,
Hal took out black-eyed Kate.
Name your dance, quoth John; Bid him, says Anne,
Play, The King shall enjoy his own again.
Huzza! they cried; Huzza! they all replied,
God bless our noble King.

THE END.

JOHN CHILDS AND SON, PRINTERS.

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